Florida WILDLIFE

No Wilderness Wasted
Never A Sure Thing

Fishing · Hunting
· Conservation ·
Outdoor Recreation

DECEMBER 1966

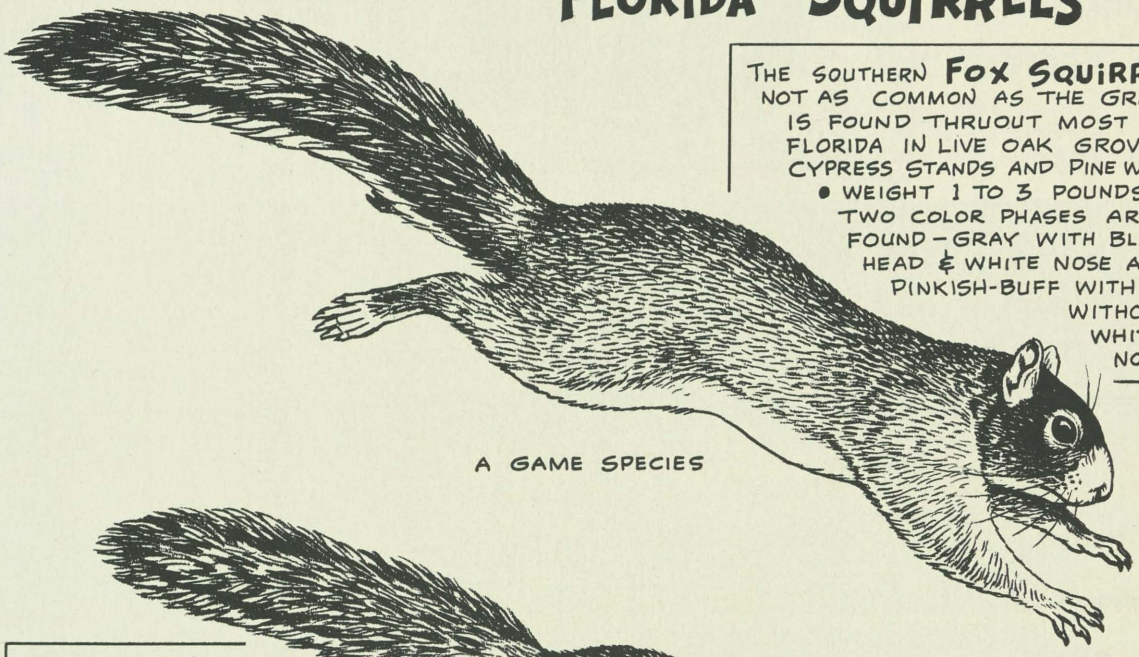
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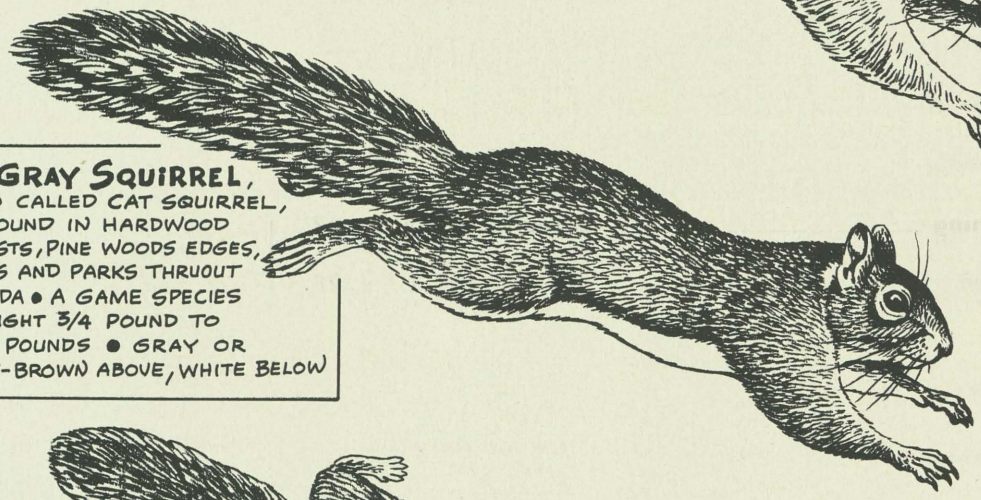
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FLORIDA SQUIRRELS

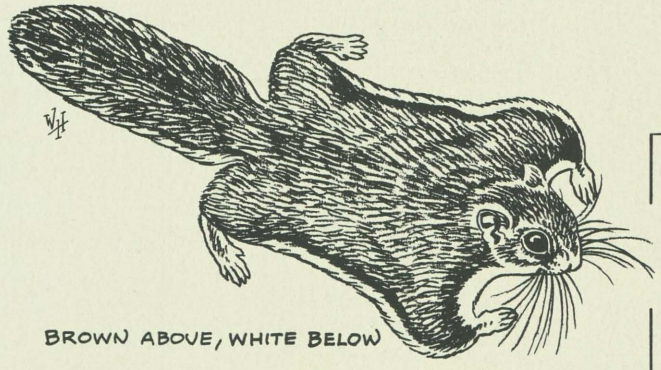


THE SOUTHERN **FOX SQUIRREL**, NOT AS COMMON AS THE GRAY, IS FOUND THRUOUT MOST OF FLORIDA IN LIVE OAK GROVES, CYPRESS STANDS AND PINE WOODS • WEIGHT 1 TO 3 POUNDS • TWO COLOR PHASES ARE FOUND – GRAY WITH BLACK HEAD & WHITE NOSE AND PINKISH-BUFF WITH OR WITHOUT WHITE NOSE

A GAME SPECIES



THE **GRAY SQUIRREL**, ALSO CALLED CAT SQUIRREL, IS FOUND IN HARDWOOD FORESTS, PINE WOODS EDGES, TOWNS AND PARKS THRUOUT FLORIDA • A GAME SPECIES • WEIGHT 3/4 POUND TO 1 ½ POUNDS • GRAY OR GRAY-BROWN ABOVE, WHITE BELOW



BROWN ABOVE, WHITE BELOW

THE **FLYING SQUIRREL** IS FOUND ABOUT EVERYWHERE IN FLORIDA WHERE WOODLANDS OCCUR • IT IS NOT A GAME SPECIES • AVERAGE WEIGHT ABOUT 3 OUNCES • MEASURES 11 INCHES LONG FROM TIP OF NOSE TO TIP OF TAIL • DOES NOT FLY, BUT ACTUALLY GLIDES THRU THE AIR FOR DISTANCES UP TO 150 FEET WITH THE AID OF MEMBRANES OF SKIN CONNECTING ITS FORE AND HIND LEGS • A NOCTURNAL ANIMAL – ACTIVE ONLY AT NIGHT

– FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

Florida WILDLIFE

VOL. 20 NO. 7

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★

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In This Issue

Control of Nature ..... Ernest Swift 5

No Wilderness Wasted ..... Mike Smith 14

Wild Goose Roundup ..... Jim McDaniel 20

Never A Sure Thing ..... Edmund McLaurin 22

A Backward Turn ..... John Fix 28

Departments

Muzzle Flashes 7

Fishing 10

Boating 33

Hunting Regulations 36

The Cover

The Grey Squirrel, small-game hunter's most popular target, dwells in the moss-festooned, acorn bearing oaks along Florida's countless streams and lakes.

From A Painting By Wallace Hughes

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Our Living World Of Nature Series

The McGraw-Hill Book Company announces the publication of *The Life of the Forest,* the first of fifteen volumes to be published in a lavishly illustrated new series entitled "Our Living World of Nature." The series, developed by leading naturalists with the cooperation of the United States Department of the Interior, is being produced jointly by McGraw-Hill and Field Enterprises Educational Corporation, publisher of *The World Book Encyclopedia.*

Each volume is devoted to the drama and excitement of a specific living community, describing how that community began and developed. *The Life of the Forest,* by Jack McCormick, describes the living forest community of North America, with special attention focused on the majestically forested areas in our National Parks and the need for maintaining these areas and protecting the wildlife that inhabits them.

The author describes, in lucid terms, the basic ecological principles at work in the forest. He shows how the forest owes its very existence to the vital interplay between plants, animals, soil, air, and sun, and he traces the intricate flow of energy through forest foodchains. The impact of changing seasons on temperate forests and the important differences among forest regions due to climate and geography are also discussed. Helpful appendices include: a comprehensive index and glossary, a complete guide to forested National Parks and Monuments, and special features on animal tracks and endangered species.

Among the other volumes

(*Continued on page 38*)

WARNING!

Check your address imprint on the current issue of this magazine. If Zip Code does not appear, please send complete address soon as possible. Magazine mailings must have Zip Code Number by Dec. 31, 1966.

A Possibility For The Future

Control of Nature

By ERNEST SWIFT
National Wildlife Federation

IT HAS BECOME INTERESTING to me to read the ten dollar words now required to explain all the compounded confusion which has resulted from an expanding recreational business. I spend considerable time trying to keep abreast of such things as "recreation-oriented dialogue." Some of these terms are not as yet included in the dictionary.

Nor does it require a college education to determine whether all the newspaper and outdoor magazine trivia on hunting, fishing, dog-training, lighting a gas stove and the approved method of lacing boots has anything to do with the case-hardened issues which face this nation.

To emphasize what I have so often tried to point out, but so often failed to accomplish, I thought that the following excerpts from a talk given by Dr. Raymond L. Nace, Geological Survey, Department of Interior before the International Water Quality Symposium, Montreal, Canada, might give some sober reflections to a cottage owner with a leaky septic tank, an industrialist, or a fisherman who gives little thought to water until the fishing season opens.

In a paper titled "Possibilities for Control of Nature," Dr. Nace said: "To what extent can man control nature? The answer to this question is simple, direct, and disappointing. For all his trying, man has controlled virtually nothing, not even men. Man himself is a natural phenomenon, and a very disturbing one. He has been called the sole disorderly force in an otherwise orderly world.

It is an old aphorism that the aim of science and technology is to bend the forces of nature to the will of man—bend, not block or break. During the 10 thousand or so years since the birth of civilization, events have demonstrated amply that man had best do some bending himself. To *control* means more than to modify. Men have accomplished a great deal of environmental modification—bending of nature—but no significant control. Even the modifications have often misfired when changes made for one purpose have induced unwanted or unforeseen consequences. A simple example is pumpage of ground water in the Central Valley of California, which has allowed or caused vertical compaction of aquifers and subsidence of the land surface, Differential subsidence has disrupted canal systems and natural drainage, disturbed highway grades and building foundations and caused other unwanted and costly effects. Human action having set up a chain of unwanted events, the main problem is to learn enough about the processes to predict what will happen where and on what scale in the future. Not the least of the problem is the cost of combatting subsidence. The history of human effort to control nature is a history of continually having to combat the unwanted consequences of these efforts.

My first conclusion is that, so far as control of nature and of his own destiny is concerned, man is merely a creature of chance, applauding himself as he is carried along on the crest of a wave

(*Continued on page 38*)

Water Cats

Long considered prime table fare — now sought by plug tossing rod and reelers

IN A WAY, Stephen Foster, recognized as one of America's greatest composers, was a fraud.

He wrote that famous classic, "Old Folks At Home," better known as "Way Down Upon The Suwannee River," and never laid an eyeball on the place.

If Stephen had actually seen the Suwannee River, and had fished for some of those Suwannee River catfish, he undoubtedly would have written several more verses to the song . . . all about catfishin'.

Suwannee River channel cats run deep and they don't give up easy. And for every fisherman who frowns on Florida catfish, channel cat or otherwise, there are two more who'll rate him first class—A-OK.

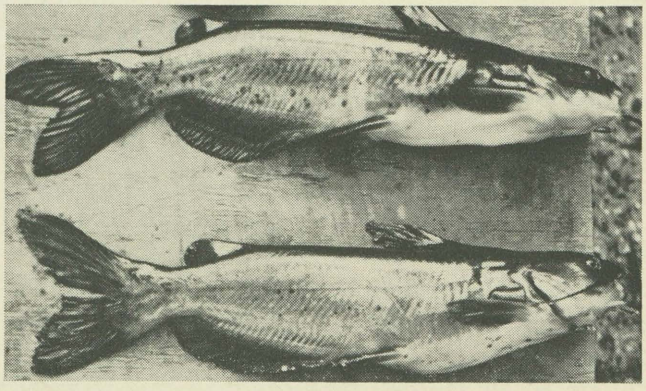
He is fun to catch, delicious to the taste, and about as dependable as a fish likes to be for his own good.

More than one river angler insists that it was the channel cat which gave hushpuppies and fried onion rings a reason to exist.

Actually, it was only a few years ago that the channel cat officially earned the promotion from "rough" to "game" fish. Now there's a good chance he may work his way still farther up the prestige ladder.

After all, what puts a fish into the elite class—

Photo By Gene Smith



Often reaching weights between 20 and 30 pounds, the average — and good eating — size channel catfish will tip the scales in the two pound vicinity. It is easily recognized by the scattered side spots and forked tail.

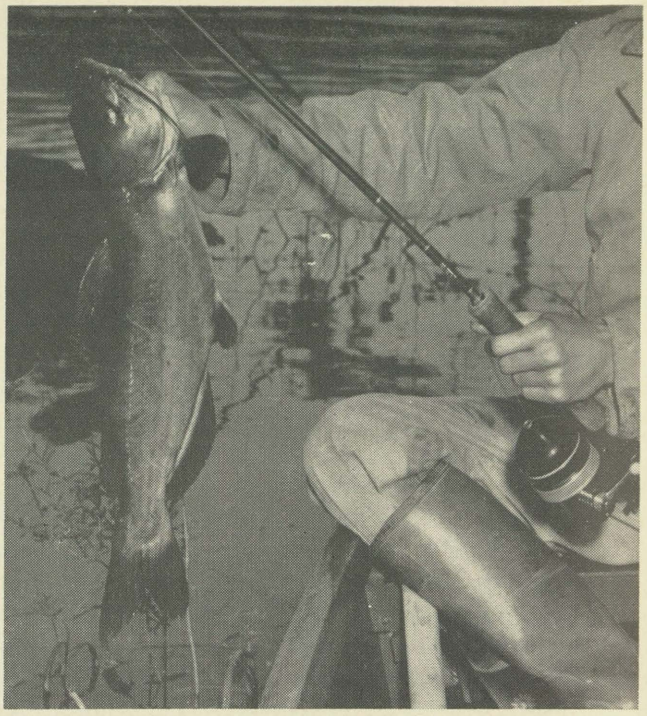


Photo By Bill Hansen

Florida fishermen are becoming more appreciative of the sporting qualities displayed by the streamlined, fork-tailed, lure-grabbing channel catfish. Found throughout the state in streams and larger lakes, it has become a successful restocking species in Fish Management Areas.

that piscatorial Valhalla where charter members like bass, tarpon, sailfish, and snook so comfortably reside? It is a fighting heart, angler, a fighting heart!

True, ol' cat has whiskers. But that's no reason to blackball a fella. He's got spikes, but nobody has to sit on 'em. And, he is not a scale fish, but should that make him a pariah?

Filet for filet, the channel cat will rank with the best. And there isn't a restaurant within a hoot 'n holler of the Suwannee River that doesn't feature the famous "Suwannee River Catfish."

They are not huge. In fact, the tastiest morsels come in the small, tid-bit size, and that just makes for good eatin'.

To catch yourself some Suwannee River catfish you want to bring a rod and reel and a bass lure. Take a channel cat on light tackle. Fish him near the clear-running currents, and go after him just as you would a bass. Average size is from one to three pounds, with one in the 10-pound class ranking as a whopper.

They'll take lures or regular bottom bait on a slip lead. Deep-running plugs sometimes make the difference between a banner day and a skunking.

The channel cat has a smaller mouth than his salt water cousin, and he'll be slightly "freckled" along the side.

And if you can just forgive him for having whiskers, you'll find a Suwannee River catfish will just about top any fish eatin' you have ever done. ●

Tracer Shotshells

The shotgunner can now range-practice for better hunting with "tracer" shot shells and ice-made trap targets



By EDMUND McLAURIN

IT IS SAID THAT history tends to repeat itself. In respect to a certain form of rifle ammunition, this seems so. . . .

Just a little more than 100 years ago self-consuming cartridges were widely used.

The "John Brown" model Sharps carbine of the year 1852 utilized a paper or linen cartridge, and a percussion unit not incorporated in the cartridge itself, to provide the necessary ignition of powder. The load was considered among the best of its kind. (However, it was later model Sharps, redesigned to handle a metallic cartridge—not the Sharps model John Brown used, that made the Sharps rifle popular and historically famous.)

The Joslyn, of War Between the States period, also used a paper cartridge, as did the Hall breechloader of the Mexican War. In Europe the Dreyse needle gun, a Prussian military weapon of the 19th Century, was something of a contemporary; it used a self-contained, combustible paper cartridge.

But paper cartridges had earlier development and use—sometime around 1575—almost two hundred years before the War Between the States period. The first paper cartridge contained only powder; bullet or ball was loaded separately.

The advantage of the paper type cartridge was its self-consuming feature. After the powder charge had burned and the bullet or ball sent on its way, there was nothing left to extract prior to reloading. Disadvantages were that the paper cartridges were generally fragile and prone to breakage in handling, and subject to the effects of moisture. . . .

Surprisingly, paper cartridges exactly like those used 100 years ago are still made. If you have an old .54 caliber Army single shot pistol, an ancient .69 caliber musket or one of those model 1841 Mississippi-issued government guns of .54 caliber, you can get paper cartridges for these and other old black powder muzzle loaders from John W. Barchfield, 567 Miner Road, Orinda, California. Dixie Gun Works, Union City, Tennessee, can also furnish paper cartridges for still-existing weapons. . . .

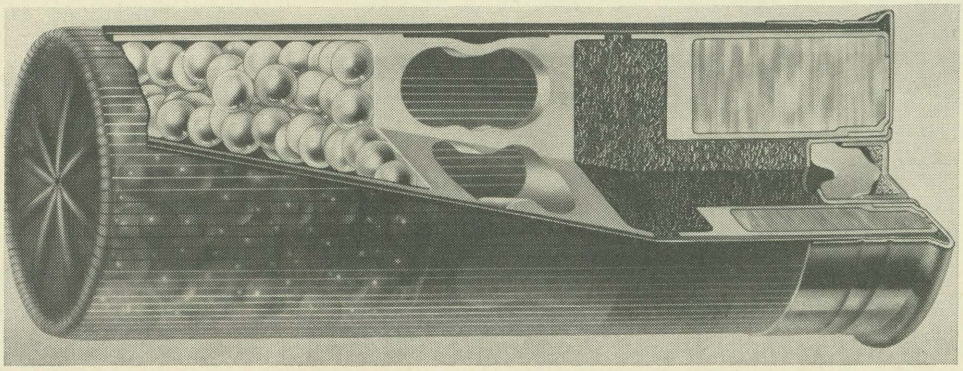
In a modern metallic cartridge, most manufacturing cost is in the brass case in which non-mecuric primer, powder and bullet are packaged. For a long time, brass and copper were relatively cheap, even though always the most expensive component of a cartridge.

As market prices of raw materials have gone up, so have retail prices of center fire rifle ammunition. Today, discarding an empty center fire rifle case in good condition, without reloading it, is like throwing a handful of pennies into the wind. If you don't think empty brass cartridge cases have value, watch idle shooters along firing lines scramble for discarded empties, or how original users make haste to retrieve them ahead of rivals!

Two well known firms and one not too well known among shooters—Daisy Manufacturing Company, Smith & Wesson and MBA Rocket Laboratories—are exploring the possibilities of modernized versions of the old paper cartridge.

Daisy Manufacturing, a name made famous by a line of spring-powered guns, and enhanced by subsequent manufactures of CO_2 guns for home target practice, has already announced a repeating rifle that, for ammunition, uses a self-consuming bullet.

(*Continued on next page*)



Remington's tracer shot shell contains shot coated with a highly reflective agent that makes the shot flight clearly visible when night shooting on a well-illuminated range.

(*Continued from preceding page*)
Simply, the propellent is stuck in the hollowed base of the bullet; there is no brass case. The propellent is set off by a jet of heated air.

Cass Hough, president of Daisy, bought the secret formula and patent rights for the new ammunition from Jules Van Langenhoven, a Belgian chemist, then quietly proceeded to develop a .22 caliber repeating rifle to handle it.

Daisy's new hammerless, lever-action .22 has been especially designed to reflect the general appearance of any of several popular lever-action high-power hunting rifles now on the market. Basic sales' idea is that pre-season shooting of one of the new Daisys using caseless ammunition will give you comparable but inexpensive practice, and improved skill when hunting season comes.

Smith & Wesson has announced acquisition of "a new weapon system using caseless ammunition, fired from simplified weapons of various types," and states that "ballistics of the new ammunition are comparable to conventional case loads of the same caliber."

Beyond these general statements, company officials won't comment. However, it is reasonable to assume that civilian use of the Austrian-developed caseless ammunition, manufacturing rights of which Smith & Wesson now owns, is being delayed only by either priority of Viet Nam conventional weapons contracts or by first claim by the military to the new type of ammunition. One thing sure, Smith & Wesson is up to *something!*

MBA Rocket Laboratories, an experimental firm located in San Ramon, California, late last year announced two radical small weapons developments—a rocket pistol and a rocket carbine. LIFE MAGAZIGE saw fit to give pages of illustrated space to the new weapons, which are now on the market.

The sensational guns feature unrifled tubes instead of barrels and, more sensationally, fire projectiles that have propellent packaged right in the tail section of each "bullet." There's no cartridge casing, but there is a primer to detonate the rocket fuel.

Tests have been amazing! At 400 yards, *firing offhand,* hits have been confined to a relatively small area and *without any appreciable (bullet) drop at all!* The miniature rockets—for that is what they are—carry the trade name of "Gyrojet cartridges."

Hunting-wise, the new rocket type of ammunition has great possibilities—because of reliable long range performance and much higher maintained velocities. MBA is already designing sporting firearms for the big game hunter.

Not in the same category as caseless ammunition, but still a dramatic development, is the new tracer shot shell developed by Winchester-Western. Its use means that the shotgunner can now see just where his shot charge goes in relation to point of aim. The new shotshell will see most use on trap and Skeet ranges.

The idea of a tracer-type shotshell is not new. There were tracer shells among loads given World War II gunnery trainees firing Skeet to develop practical knowledge of the various leads required for different shooting angles.

But there were faults. The tracer portion of the shot charge used did not always stay with the main charge during flight to target, and also had incendiary characteristics. Many of the shotshells somehow managed to leave gunnery training ranges and wind up as hunting loads, where the incendiary mixture frequently set fields and woods afire. Naturally, this did not help make hunters popular with land-owners. . . .

The English developed the best of the World War II tracer shotshells. Their improvement was the coating of each pellet with a smoke-producing mix that was ignited by the friction of the shot pellets against each other during powder explosion. After leaving the shotgun bore, each ignited pellet would leave a trail of smoke behind it. Major faults were unreliable ignition and quick deterioration of stored shells whenever humidity was high. . . .

Seemingly, the new Winchester-Western tracer shotshell is without such faults.

The designers have used an aluminum ball embodying a pyrotechnic mixture and combined it with shot charge. The ball has a tiny nozzle attached. Ignition of the main powder charge also carries a flash of fire to the tracer mixture. When ignited and discharged from the shotgun bore, the burning pellet emits an intensely bright light that can be seen even in the brightest sunlight and as far from the gun as 60 yards. There is no trail of smoke.

The coefficient of the aluminum ball of tracer mixture has been matched so closely with coefficient of the shot pellets used, that the burning ball tends to stay with the main shot charge instead of falling behind it or wandering off during early flight.

Winchester-Western engineers have also been able to eliminate most, if not all, of the post-firing incendiary hazard.

Remington, not to be outdone, has developed an after-darkness shotshell tracer load for night-time target shooting on a well-lighted range.

Each small shot among several hundred contained in the average shotshell used for target shooting is

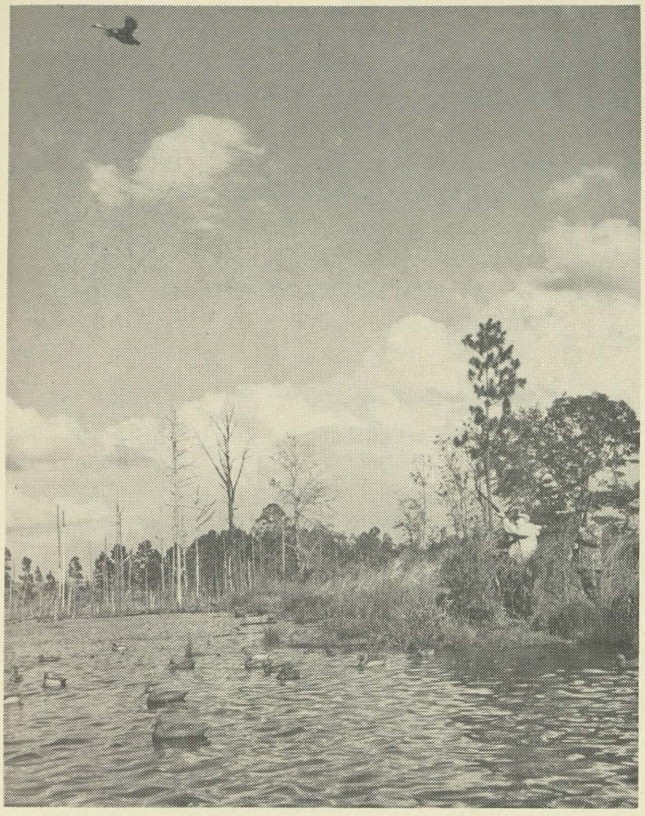


Photo By Wallace Hughes

The new tracer type shot shells can be a great analytical aid to a shotgunner when practicing on a range, especially when seeking corrections for hunting misses at flying game birds.

coated with a highly-reflective film. When fired at night the bright lights of a trap or Skeet field shine on the moving pellets and give them a grey-white color razzle-dazzle that can be seen by both shooter and spectators. There is no burning of a pyrotechnic mixture; the whole working principle is reflected light. In flight the pellets in a shot charge look much like a flight of bumblebees.

In both Winchester and Remington products the problem of possible shell absorption of atmospheric moisture is licked by use of waterproof plastic shell cases.

Desirably, all shot contained in a shotgun shell should be uniformly round and hard enough to maintain common shape during the moment of mass exit from gun via muzzle. Also, it is a ballistic fact that heavier shot tend to maintain killing velocity at longer ranges than smaller size, lighter weight shot. Simply, their weight helps them buck air resistance better.

But the real handicap to maintained velocity of round shot 'way out yonder is their shape. Their round ball form causes them to encounter quick, velocity-reducing air resistance, whatever the shot size, and the finer and lighter in weight the shot, the greater will be the effect of air resistance on the individual pellets and consequential drop-off in velocity.

New on the market are elastic shot *that stretch and streamline themselves in flight,* thereby reducing air drag and velocity loss while achieving maximum flight range. Until fired, the stretchable plastic pellets look like ordinary round shot. When fired, air resistance gives each pellet a streamlined bomb shape that mushrooms on target impact. The flexible shot can be loaded in any shotshell if a shot holding cup is used in the loading process. Malter Arms Company, 225 W. 34th Street, New York, N. Y. 10001, has the new type of shot if you like to experiment.

Not a repeat of history—unless ancient man tossed up small chunks of natural ice as targets and shot at them with bow and arrow—are trap and Skeet targets made of ice instead of baked asphalt and tar.

Two New York State inventors have developed a quick freeze machine for making of ice targets almost instantly and feeding them through a regulation clay pigeon thrower. The ice targets match conventional clays in regulation size and shape.

The idea has numerous advantages: Cost per target is reduced to about $\frac{1}{10}$ of a cent, compared to a unit cost of from two to three cents for present type clays. Shooting clubs do not have to constantly acquire and store cartons of targets prior to a shoot. Human handling and high pre-flight breakage are radically reduced. Also, there are no target fragments to be raked up and disposed of, or missed targets simply melt away, leaving the trap or Skeet range free of target debris. The targets can be made from dye-clored water, to create a readily visible target against any shooting background. (Mentally picture, say, a black target in flight on a sunny day; a yellow one for a cloudy, overcast day, and possibly a luminous target for trap or Skeet shooting at night under range illumination.)

Range tests indicate that the heavier ice type of target is less affected by wind currents than the commonly used clays. (Incidentally, the name "clay pigeon" is a misnomer; the common clay pigeon does not contain any clay at all! Asphalt and tar are its ingredients.)

First experiments indicated that the ice targets had a slightly slower flight time than conventional clays, but average clay pigeon target speed was subsequently obtained by substituting a more powerful spring in the target thrower.

The drawback to widespread adoption of ice targets for trap or Skeet shooting is the initial cost of a target-making machine—around $1,000. Even though a club would continually save on *target* cost, and eventually liquidate the machine's cost, initial investment would be relatively high—especially so where several traps are included in a club's shooting range layout. ●

Fishing Gadgets



There are all sorts of glass rods on the market today to fit personal finances and angling techniques

By CHARLES WATERMAN

I HAVE QUITE A PILE of notes devoted to equipment, gadgets and developments so let's catch up on them this month and save my stirring fishing adventures until later. . . .

A new substitute for the metal ferrule in fly rod construction. This one is found in the Hardy, a glass rod designed by Jon Tarantino, the casting champion, who represents Hardy of England.

This rod costs $45 and comes in a variety of lengths and weights. I realize that only a small percentage of Florida's fishermen use fly rods but this type of ferrule construction (or is it a ferrule?) could, of course, be adapted to other types of glass rods.

The no-metal connection has been around for several years in the Fenwick "Feralite," which works on an entirely different principle. In Fenwick's rod, the tip section simply slides down over the small end of the butt section. I've used those rods for several years and have had no trouble with them. They make Feralites in rods other than fly types.

Ferrules, especially around salt water, are the main point of trouble with rods. Unless taken down frequently, metal ones will generally stick viciously.

After going through the routine attempts at disconnecting such equipment, including the bit where you get friends to help and the one where you sit down and slide the rod behind your knees, thus using your legs to pry it apart, you generally resort to pliers which disfigure the ferrules and sometimes separate the metal from the glass itself. Applications of heat and ice sometimes help. Perhaps it is best to pretend it was a one-piece rod all the time.

Preventive measures include frequent dismantling (at least daily when in use), occasional touching up with steel wool when things begin to get sticky and mild lubrication with wax, graphite or various silicones.

Ferrules are supposed to go together with a twisting motion and come apart the same way.

There is always the cheerless thought of near-perfect vacuum formed by the fitted joint and the spectre of the metal loosening slightly on the rod shaft, causing it to snap off smartly during casting.

Eventually, non-metal connections will probably solve all of these problems. They seem to have done it with some rods already.

IT DOESN'T HAPPEN so often now, but some users of bamboo sticks actually snap them off in the act of casting and I've seen it happen with glass too. There are some very good casters who simply put a lot of strain on rods. Good plug casters sometimes develop a terrific snap which can crack things just ahead of the handle.

Not that these breaks even approach the number of car-door casualties but they can happen. Of course a ferrule that works a bit loose will soon cut its way clear through glass.

BOAT SHOES don't come in for much discussion, the yachting crowd smugly using canvas oxfords with non-slip soles and the rest of us going fishing with what we happen to have on.

The canvas oxfords have been designed with uncannily grasping soles, able to hang on to really slippery decks. Probably they're the safest of all boat shoes. If you had to swim you could do a fairly good job with them and they could be kicked off pretty easily anyway. I'll say they're the safest.

But there are some other factors if you're a backwoods fresh water fisherman.

For one thing, canvas won't keep our feet from getting wet in a hard rainstorm and most raingear won't cover them. For another thing, ankle-height shoes offer little mosquito protection and, on some occasions, my ankles have looked like a bad case of localized measles.

Now the first objection is well overcome by some rubber moccasins I got from Bean's. They are simply rubber oxfords with a little leather top and, even if there's an inch of rainwater in the boat bottom, your feet are dry. They'd kick off quickly if you had to swim. But they're very hot when the sun hits them (the canvas shoes are no bargain then either) and they don't protect your ankles from bugs so I guess they're strictly cool weather numbers.

Lace boots and high shoes would be hard to take off in a hurry.

Wellington boots (we used to call them "mosquito boots") with good, non-slip soles and bought about half a size too large are pretty good for fishing. They protect your feet from rain, keep mosquitoes off your ankles, would come off pretty easily if you feel in and don't get as hot as rubber or canvas.

They should be loose or they'd be decidedly dangerous if you went overboard. I have some that are a sloppy fit unless I wear heavy socks with them. Loose ones are fine in the boat but no good for long walks.

I have also carried short rubber boots of the kind used by commercial fishermen and put them on in case of heavy rain.

SALT WATER fishermen are partial to fishing pliers which cut wire leaders neatly but generally have short noses and are carried in little sheaths.

These are a help but not as good as needle-nosed pliers when it comes to taking hooks out of the smaller specimens. Needle-noses are good for dehooking bass or panfish as well as salt water fishes. I'll admit they don't hang on like the other kinds when the fish puts up a little resistance. I know one guide who uses outsized garage-type pliers and their noses are shaped so he can hold a fish by the jaw if he wants to. The only disadvantage is that it's hard to tell how hard you're clamping with such tools and it's possible to crush a small fish's jaw without knowing it.

I DON'T GET ALONG with whetstones very well which was something of a disgrace when I was a kid on the farm, often carrying my scythe to my dad when it refused to cut what we called dock weed (I ain't a botanist either).

With great effort I manage to get my wife's kitchen knives sharp enough for bread and cheese slicing, and my fish and hunting knives usually bear hoe edges.

But I got hold of a little pocket steel the other day. It comes with a pocket cap and clip like a fountain pen, costs around two bucks and, for some reason, enabled me to sharpen things up without too much trouble. I don't do it with the butcher's sleight-of-hand but have made my pocket knife sharp enough to shave with and have denuded one arm in proud demonstrations.

The real answer is that this little ribbed steel cuts very fast and, if you louse up the project you can start over again and get a good edge. Of course in time I'll probably wear my knife away to a sliver with false starts but, in the meantime, I feel like a real woodsman.

The little steel I have came from Gutman Cutlery Co., Inc., 3956 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10032.

I GUESS GLASS RODS have been on the market for something like 25 years now. Hollow steel has been almost completely replaced, solid steel ones are very rare and there isn't much solid glass any more. Bamboo has hung on mainly to satisfy the small core of hard-headed fly fishermen who swear their weapons can't be duplicated by glass.



The miniature sharpening steel is handy for outdoor knife users. It goes into small plastic tube with a pocket clip.

There is something about bamboo, especially in the lighter numbers, that defies description but brings me back for more. Perhaps it's the fact the bamboo builders never went to the excessive tip actions and the ultra-stiff butts in either casting or fly rods.

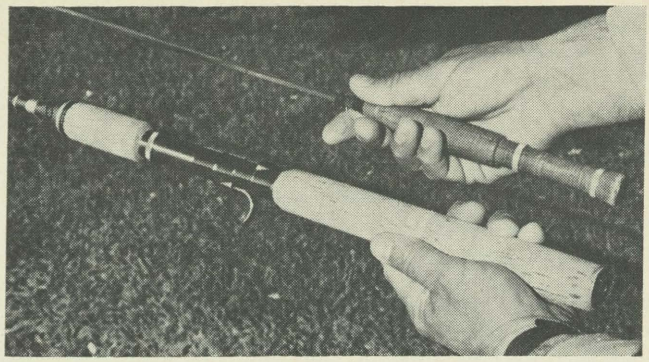
Last summer while out West fishing for trout I found that a bunch of the hardheads were beginning to weaken. Some new rods with action going all the way down into the butt and the light weight you expect from glass had made converts from real bamboo boys. There is, of course, no reason why glass can't be made to duplicate or even surpass bamboo action and perhaps engineering is again crowding the old bamboo builders.

Although glass has held to the low and medium-priced markets ever since it came on the scene, there was a revival of demand for extremely high quality bamboo in recent years. Part of this was simply snob appeal plus the fact a lot of people have a lot of money these days.

When Shakespeare first sold their better glass rods the price for some models was something like $50. That was right after World War II and a dollar was worth considerably more then.

After that there was a period when inexpensive glass rods took over and a lot of expert casters said frankly that cheap ones were just as good as expensive ones except for the fittings. There was an epidemic of shopping through all sorts of rod blanks for one that suited a particular purpose. Some of the best fishermen bought blanks for two or three

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Rod handles come in all sizes. Lower one is on heavy-duty casting rod built by Bill Boyd, of Fort Lauderdale. The upper is a tiny handle on 2-ounce fly rod made by Orvis.

(*Continued from preceding page*)

bucks apiece (they weren't too uniform) and then made up the ones that suited them.

There's still some of that but there are real engineers in the rod business. Really top grade glass rods are again pushing the $50 mark. Really big tackle shops often have casting areas in back now and if you get back there and do a little waving you're apt to find a lot of difference between cheap and expensive sticks.

When I write to a rod builder these days the answer is apt to be just a bit technical. It used to sound like the pitch of a broom handle salesman.

But still some of the biggest operators smile and say "well, we have one here you'll really like but you wouldn't care for our big sellers. They're made with gimmicks to please the public."

STILL ON THE ROD subject—I have a miniature bamboo flyrod, made by Orvis, weighing about the same as an oversized toothpick (2 oz.) and 6½ feet long. It casts beautifully out to about 50 feet and you can use it all day with no strain at all. It works fine on small fish and will handle big ones if you remember what you're doing (I don't always).

In keeping with it's dressed down size, this rod has a tiny handle that looks fine but isn't much to grab hold of.

Now even if I could get a big grip for it, I probably wouldn't because it would look like a saw handle on an eye dropper and, even I, am not completely without an aesthetic sense.

Nevertheless, if you put considerable power into a rod, you need a hand-filling grip to save your strength. Of course, no one is expected to put much effort into a 2-ounce whisper.

Generally, when I have any say as to its shape, I prefer a fat rod handle, even if it looks a trifle out of place. My first tarpon rod was embellished with considerable rubber tape on the grip and I find that heavy rods with handles that are too small will work better if you wear gloves, silly as it may look.

Bill Boyd built me a fairly heavy casting rod (I guess you could call it a light popping rod) with a really husky handle and it certainly helps.

I WROTE A NEWSPAPER column a while back in which I extolled a small first aid kit which I had made up to go in a tumbler-sized Tupperware container.

The first guy never has a chance, of course, and along came Ivan Farrens of DeLand with a kit as good as mine that went into a Tupperware *cigaret case*. The prize of Mr. Farrens' wares was his "homemade" flashlight. It's simply a small size penlight battery with a piece of circular spring that goes down over the battery and holds a little bulb in such a way the bulb can be screwed down the little coil spring until it makes solid contact with the battery.

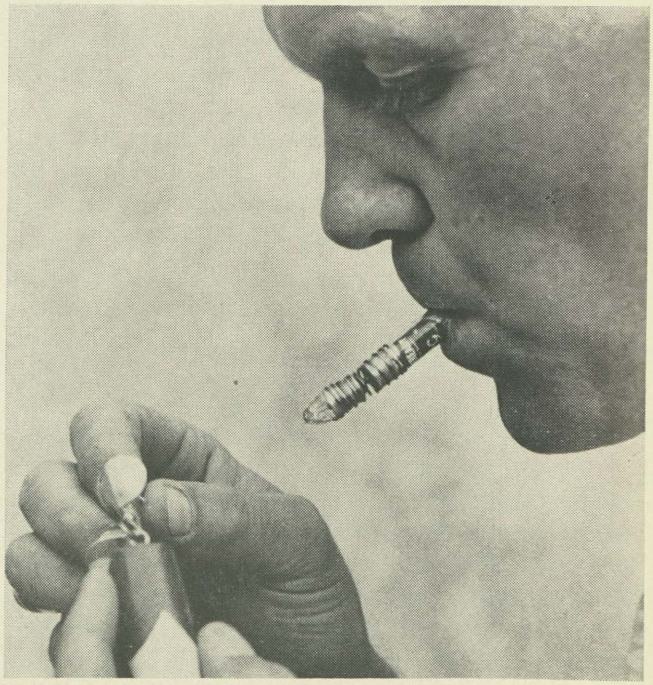
Besides being extremely compact, this one is light enough to be carried comfortably in the mouth, leaving both hands free for things like tying on lures and swatting mosquitoes.

And Farrens reminded me of something else.

"Any time you make up any kind of emergency kit," he said, "include a dime in it. I once hiked out to a road in the dead of night, wanted to call for transportation and had no dime for the phone booth I located. I spent the night by the phone booth."

Why didn't I think of that? But then, I never spent a night camping in a phone booth, and experience is the best teacher.

Incidentally, Farrens, who has done a lot of Boy Scout work, has a reputation for being a fine outdoorsman. ●



Neat trick for fishermen is this tiny flashlight made from a small coil spring, a bulb, and a small penlight battery.

Hunting Is A Privilege!

By Charlie DuBuisson
Savage Arms Company



Photo By Jim Brantly

The outdoorsman will do well to remember that hunting and fishing on private lands is a privilege — not a right.

ONE OF THE MAJOR fallacies handed down by sportsmen from one generation to another is the belief that hunting (or fishing) is a right rather than a privilege. The origin of this misconception is not altogether clear but more than likely it stems from the fact that fish and wildlife are the property of the state and therefore available to the public for harvesting.

The latter premise is indisputable, but it does not automatically grant a hunter or a fisherman the right to enter upon another man's land without the permission of the owner. The game may be public property, but the land is private

The landowner-sportsman problem did not present itself in major proportion until after World War II when land suddenly became a highly profitable item for speculation or investment and an increased interest in hunting swelled the ranks of sportsmen to record numbers.

Some landowners needed only this increase in hunting pressure as an excuse or reason to post their properties. Others, reluctant to follow suit because they either fished or hunted themselves, waited with tolerance. They didn't have long to wait.

With the new breed of sportsman came a peculiar brand of behavior. It embraced the belief that a hunter or a fisherman had the unquestionable right to venture upon another man's property, whether that property was posted or not.

It also included fringe benefits. If a fence blocked access, it could be cut. If a pheasant broke cover too close to the landowner's house, the harvest of that bird was more important than the safety of inhabitants within, or the property damage that might result.

If posters were present prohibiting trespassing without permission, they could be peppered with birdshot or torn down. If a farmer's barway was the only convenient place for parking a car, the car could be parked and the farmer left with the problem of getting his cattle out.

If a tree or a shrub struck the fancy of this peculiar breed of sportsman, he could dig it up and take it home. If he chose to eat lunch while afield there was nothing wrong in littering the landscape with rubbish.

If he needed a little target practice, what better objects than the window of a dwelling, a piece of farm equipment, or a water tower?

Such irresponsible behavior, all apparently based on the belief that the hunter has all the rights and the landowner none, has resulted in the mass posting of land and strained relations between both parties. There is no question that the sportsman has lost ground in the skirmish.

Few sportsmen seem to exert an effort in attempting to understand the landowner's position. They view land posting as a hostile act, an indication that the property owner is against hunting and fishing. They fail to see such action as a defensive measure, a final resort on the part of any self-respecting man to protect what belongs to him.

Many sportsmen will find, if they take the time and trouble, that a landowner will gladly allow hunting or fishing if he is asked for permission, regardless of the signs that might rim his property. He needs only to know that you hold some respect for him.

Sportsmen cannot afford to ignore this problem much longer, or to fight it with hostility or acts of vandalism. Land is being swallowed up too rapidly by commercial developers. That which is still suitable for hunting need not remain idle and wasted behind "No Trespassing" signs.

The man who trespasses upon another's property without permission, or abuses it in any way, would be the first to post his land if the situation were reversed.

With hunting seasons open throughout the country, let every sportsman pay particular attention to this most urgent problem. Visit the man on whose property you plan to hunt, ask for permission where it is necessary, and let him know you appreciate the privilege.

You'll find he's a regular guy. He may even show you where the best bird cover or deer stand is. And you'll enjoy your sport with the feeling that you're welcome, not with the guilt of a trespasser.

Accept the fact that you are a guest on his land, enjoying a privilege made possible only through his generosity, that you have no right there unless he says so.

Remember that hunting or fishing another man's land is a privilege, not a right. The future of our outdoor sports depends on it. ●



Turkey Point has become living proof that industrial efforts can include creation and preservation of natural beauty

No Wilderness Wasted

ON A SPRING DAY in 1964, a helicopter swung low over a desolate area of bayfront swamp 35 miles south of Miami's shimmering pastel skyline.

The men in the 'copter peered down at a vast expanse of mud and mangroves threaded by a dark ribbon of river. They saw a neck of land, with two blunted points, not unlike a turkey's neck in shape, extending into Biscayne Bay. But they saw neither roof nor road. A great heron flapping over the green mangroves was the only life in the sultry stillness.

"It looks okay," one of the men said, speaking of the least-likely-to-be-inhabited real estate in Dade County. The others nodded.

The land they saw was Turkey Point, an 1800-acre wilderness which was to become, in less than three years, the site of a gigantic electric power plant, and proof that industry, often the destroyer, can be the creator of natural beauty.

Until the Florida Power & Light Company bought Turkey Point in the summer of 1964, it was a desolate expanse of sun-cracked mud and mangrove thickets steaming in the sun, unexplored by man. Only 37 miles from the Dade County courthouse, less as the wild osprey might fly, the area was as little known and almost as inaccessible to the million who live in Miami as the upper reaches of the Amazon.

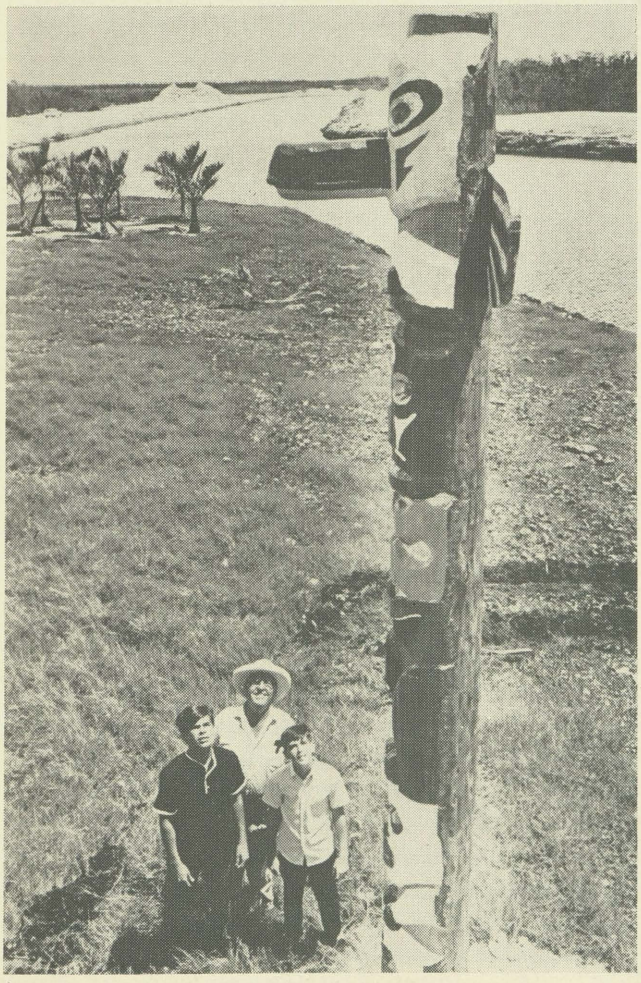
Today Turkey Point can be reached easily by car from many points on U. S. 1, between Princeton and Florida City. It can even be reached by canoe. And where once mud edged Biscayne Bay, there now is dazzling white sand beach and a chalk-blue lagoon, inviting the swimmer. A board-walk meanders into the mangroves, and there are miles of canoe-ways.

At Turkey Point there is also a Boy Scout camp set amid coconut palms, a picnic ground, an archery range, a home for a full-time Florida Board of Conservation ranger, and a small laboratory for the University of Miami's Institute of Marine Science.



Birds and Boy Scouts are profiting from the carefully planned industrial progress on Turkey Point. Immature White Ibis, at left, are but one of the many species of birdlife now calling this area home. The power plant construction, right, has not disturbed wildlife; in fact, the advance planning has been successfully bringing about increased species of wildlife to be found throughout the area. At the newly built Boy Scout Camp, below, Miami high school boy Richard Dotzler, lower left, carved a towering totem pole from an old utility pole. Richard, with his brother Stephen, and Mr. McGregor Smith, admire the picturesque "wilderness" attraction.

By MIKE SMITH



There are miles of new canals and even a few new islands, and the visitor catches, here and there, a splash of bright green, a dash of yellow, a blur of purple-pink from planted grasses, sun-flowers and periwinkles.

All this, and a power plant, too.

The power plant will become, by 1970, Florida's largest, a multi-million dollar complex where power will be generated both by conventional and nuclear means. Even today, two 432,000 kilowatt units are under construction.

But with all this building, with all the commotion of men and machines, the wilderness has been but slightly tamed, if tamed at all.

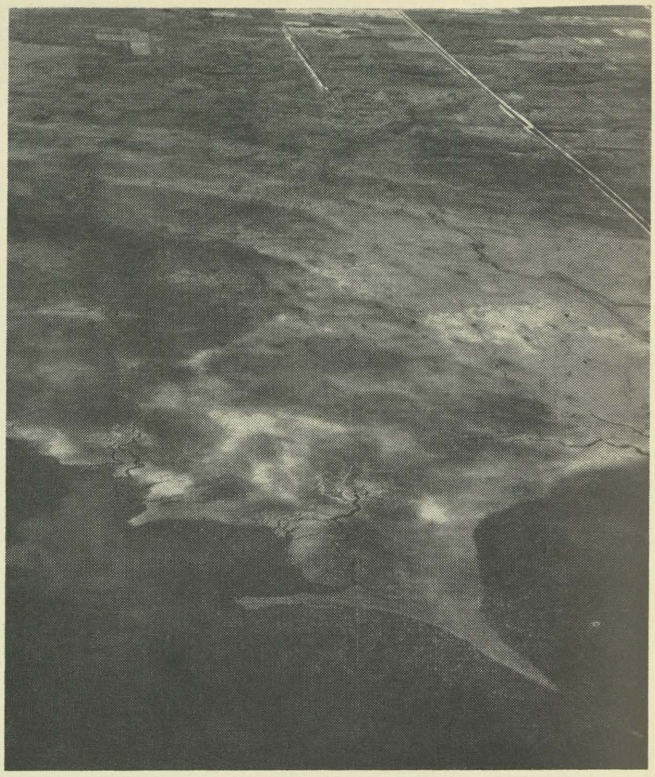
"There are more birds, more fish, more animals at Turkey Point than when we began building," asserts McGregor Smith, chairman of the Board of Florida Power & Light Company.

He adds: "And that's the way we'll keep it."

At Turkey Point today industry and wildlife live happily together. Terns nest on some of the white rock roads, and the orange utility trucks crawl around the nests or take other routes. Tarpon splash in the man-made canals as they do in the natural river. Herons wade the sandy shallows, sharp-eyed for fish. Ibis flutter in the tall grasses. The silvery buttonwood trees cast twisting purple shadows on

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the white sand. A crocodile sleeps on a canal bank. An osprey has chosen a mound of new white rock for his home.

And the brackish water ebbs and flows, ebbs and flows, over the flats, obeying the tide, as it has done for countless centuries.

The story of Turkey Point, to be open on a controlled basis to the public, rightly began a half dozen years ago when utility officials began to seek a new location for a power plant.

"We wanted to go where no one lived, and no one ever was likely to live," explained McGregor Smith. "But a power plant needs water; we had to be on Biscayne Bay."

Such a place was found at last by helicopter exploration. It was Turkey Point, a soggy area east of Homestead and Florida City marked on early maps as "Kontee and Indian Hunting Grounds." Here, not even the most dogged hermit, the most mosquito-resistant fisherman lived.

The area seemed made-to-order for an electric generating plant. But even so, the utility bought 1,700 more acres than it actually needed, to insure isolation.

The surveying of Turkey Point began in May 1964. Men slogged through the mire, hip-deep in water or mud. They plowed through the mangroves in a tank-like converted swamp-buggy. They tied bits of red cloth to mangroves to mark where the canals would be.

The workmen fought mosquitoes and deer flies, agreeing with the pioneer who wrote, "you can swing a pint cup and get a quart of mosquitoes." They saw little wildlife—a few ibis, some snakes, a fox or two and a crocodile. They heard that otters had been seen not far away, and that there were alligators and manatees in Little River.

By early fall, Bechtel, builder of power plants, had built an access road, taken test borings, and begun the rock excavation. The work was never easy. Trucks mired in the oozing mud and had to be pulled out with special swamp-going equipment.

An enormous amount of rock fill was needed for the plant foundation. Much of this came from Biscayne Bay as a three-and-a-half mile channel was dredged to make possible the delivery of fuel oil to the plant. An intake canal, a turning basis, and an output canal were dug, throwing up more rock.

"In building the canals, we supplemented rather than supplanted, existing waterways," McGregor Smith said. "We installed tidal guages, tried not to disturb the tidal flow by installing culverts under bridges."

The face of the land at the plant site changed drastically during 1965 as the rock fill was spread and impacted to hold the plant foundations.

With the rock, came sand, and the beginning of the idea of a recreation area. "We directed the sand toward the bay's edge; we made a beach of a by-product," Smith says happily.

"We left enough of the buttonwoods, and the black and red mangroves to make the beach seem natural," he added.

The fascination of the acres upon acres of waste-

Before its development, left, Turkey Point was a rather desolate wilderness of inpenetrable mangrove thickets and muddy swamps. Its name comes from the point of land shaped like a turkey's neck. Construction on but a small area, at right, has provided several access roads at different points between the towns of Princeton and Florida City. Flocks of White Ibis, below, are now a common sight on Turkey Point, and surveys show that there are more birds, more fish and more animals on the area than before construction was started.

Aerial Photos By
Dillon Aerial Photography

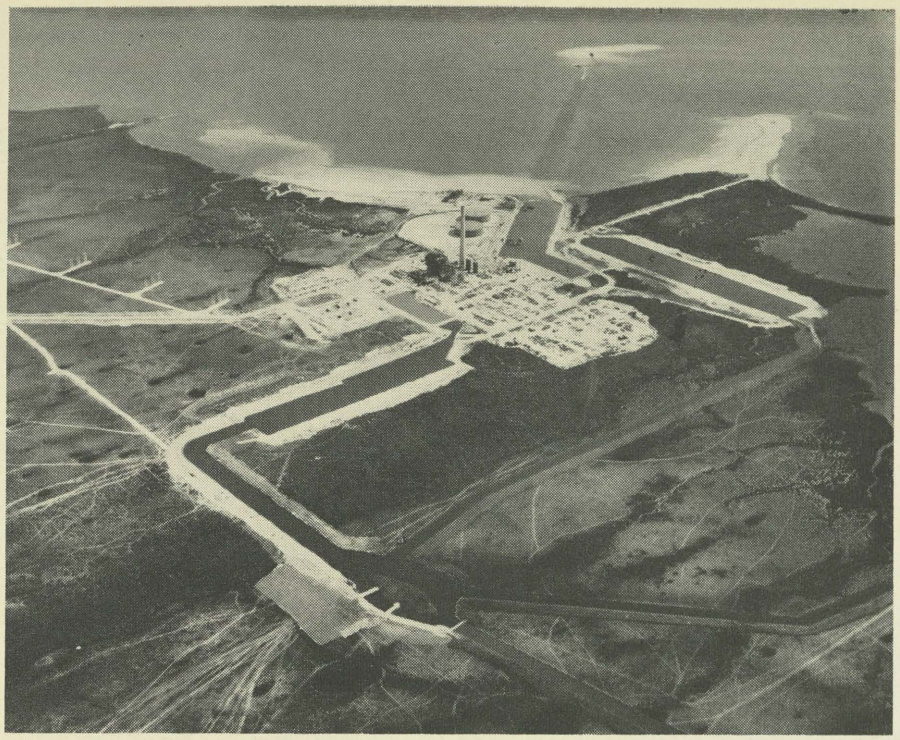




Photo By Mike Smith

land began to grow upon the men who worked at Turkey Point. They began to toss out corn and other feed for the birds. And the birds came in increasing numbers. At evening, the sun-gold sky was filled with the flutter of wings. Terns skittered along the sand; and one morning, Smith discovered they were laying their eggs upon a new road. He ordered part of the road closed.

Early in the construction stages of the Turkey Point plant, a hurricane struck Dade County. Thousands of feet of good lumber, brought to Turkey Point for frames and buildings, were swept into the swamp. Utility poles and spools of cable were tossed into the mangroves. Bechtel, pressed by time, let the lumber go.

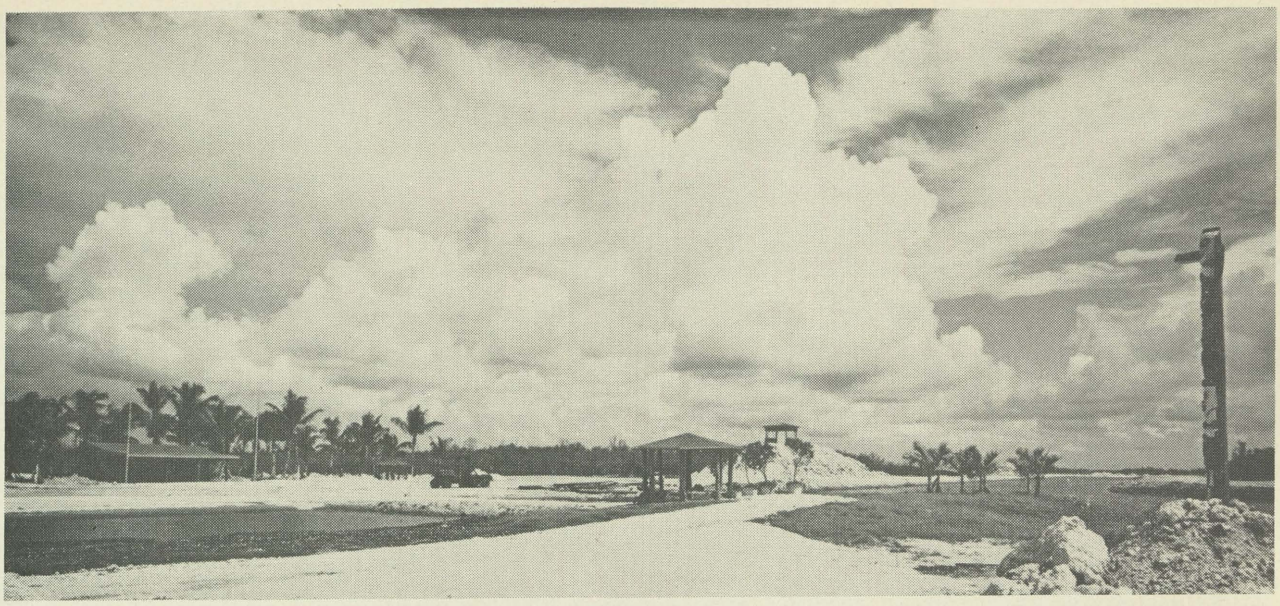
As the plant rose, the Florida Power & Light Company men fell under the spell of the wilderness. They began to plant seeds and weeds for the birds. They tried out clumps of grasses on the mud flats.

"We got Bahia and Pangola grass from a dairy," McGregor Smith said. "But we found, finally, that the common Bermuda did best. That, and weeds. We encouraged all kinds of weeds, and planted sunflowers and periwinkles. We transplanted ficus and mahogany trees."

Engineers often appeared at the plant site bearing clumps of weeds, or native trees. Naturalists, too, began to discover Turkey Point and its birds and animals. A few bottle hunters invaded the region searching for antique bottles left by pirates and pioneers.

The idea of building a Boy Scout Camp near the plant site began to germinate in the thinking of McGregor Smith. The plant, itself, would occupy no more than 40 acres, and even allowing 100 acres

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Sunshine Service News Photo

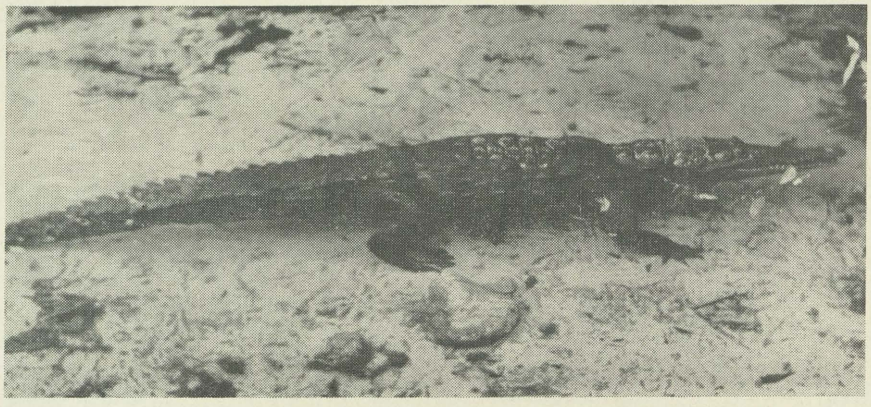


Photo By Wallace Hughes

The Turkey Point Boy Scout Camp, above, is nestled under newly planted coconut palms; the totem pole forms center of the council circle and fire. The area is a haven for varieties of wildlife, including the rare crocodile, at left.

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for expansion, 1,700 acres would be left. Why not make some use of this seemingly useless land. And who would appreciate it more than Boy Scouts?

Where would the lumber come from? The answer to this question was at hand. There was plenty of lumber in the swamp, seasoned and sound. It could be gathered by the men using the "Sprite" or swamp buggy. And the camp could be built on a knoll to catch the wind from the water. Coconuts could be planted around it. A sprinkler system could be installed to encourage the growth of grass.

The men began to gather the lumber, and the Scout Camp took shape. The coconuts were planted, the sprinkler system installed. The grass began to spread a green carpet over the white rock.

The Boy Scout camp, made of the lumber tossed by a hurricane into the swamp, was finished, and furnished with canoes by August 1966. Then, a 15-year old junior high school boy, Richard Dotzler, of Miami provided the finishing touch. He carved a totem pole from a discarded utility pole. He carved it with a thunderbird, and other enigmatic figures, and painted it in brilliant sun-resistant shades of red, yellow, blue and black.

FPLmen set the totem pole near the camp building and a camp pavillion, but far enough away so that it could become the center of a council fire. McGregor Smith and Richard Dotzler and his brother, Stephen, looked on the location of the pole with approval.

Meanwhile, as workers gathered the lumber from the swamp, they began to build a board-walk into the mangrove thicket to make it easier to bring the lumber out on foot.

Walking this trail, Florida Power & Light Company men found themselves invading an unknown jungle of red, black, and white mangroves, some bearing native orchids. Native Florida ferns grew in the mud. Birds and raccoons lived here, some snakes, too. Snails crawled the tree trunks; butterflies fluttered through the swamp. It was a region of strange beauty.

Here, visitors to Florida and even many Floridians could see a Florida they had never envisioned. They might be mosquito-bitten; they might fall into the mud, they might even see a snake or two, but they would see a primitive region, unspoiled by man. It was decided to open the trail to those who really wished to see a mangrove swamp.



Photo By Ruth Tanksley

Early in the planning stages of the non-plant area at Turkey Point, McGregor Smith talked to the head of the Institute of Marine Science at the University of Miami, Dr. F. G. Walton Smith.

"There ought to be some use you could make of the bay waters here," he suggested.

The marine scientist agreed; the warm, protected waters probably could be used for shrimp breeding grounds, or as preserves for manatees.

So a tiny laboratory was built of the salvaged lumber, and the planting of shrimp beds began. "Later they may try to raise pompano," Smith said.

The building at Turkey Point also included a home for a permanent ranger, set high on stilts and with a porch on three sides to give him a bird's eye view of the surrounding waters and terrain. The ranger, from the State Board of Conservation, scarcely had moved into his quarters before some one brought him a gift of loggerhead turtle eggs. The eggs were hatched, and the young turtles placed in washtubs. Later, they will be released.

Today Turkey Point is Dade County's largest and most primitive wildlife preserve and bird sanctuary, and the numbers of animals, fish, and birds are on the increase.

An incomplete list compiled by the men who work at Turkey Point includes, among birds, the following: willet, pelican, gull (many kinds), tern, woodstork, white ibis, egret, heron (several kinds), anhinga, roseate spoonbill, duck (many kinds), limpkin, and osprey. The reptiles noted are: crocodile, turtle, and lizard. Animals seen are: Raccoon, bobcat, and otter. Fish include: shark, barracuda, mullet, tarpon, yellowtail, red snapper, grunt, grouper, needlefish, shrimp, crawfish, crab and snook.

Turkey Point is not for everyone, and some controls will have to be set up for visitors. Indeed, the visitor used to man-made orchid jungles, may find the vista too big and barren. The wise walker will take with him a can of insect spray, and wear a sun hat, sun glasses, and heavy shoes. It may be well to carry a stick and to take binoculars.

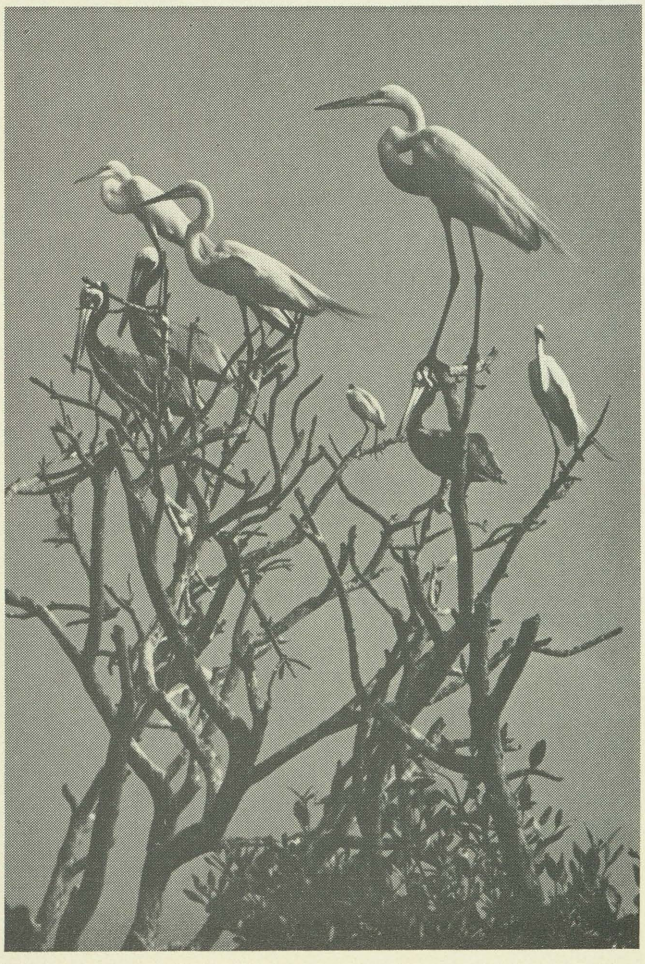
The visitor to Turkey Point will find the power plant the focus of the area. Its red and white stacks tower 400 feet into the bright blue sky, and the steel work rises, floor on floors, like a giant's erector set. In a region where the trees hug the wet warm earth and huddle into thickets, the power installation seems amazingly big.

But over it arches the Delft blue bowl of the sky filled with shimmering sunlight, and around it the land, with its inter-lacing of canals, lies flat, green and white—green where the mangroves grow, white where man has pumped rock and sand.

"It has been a pleasure, not work at all but a great pleasure, to take an area of seemingly useless land and make it into something useful." This is the way McGregor Smith, chairman of the Board of the Florida Power & Light Company sums up what the utility has done in creating a semi-public park and conservation area.

Today Turkey Point is living proof that industry can be the creator, not the destroyer, of natural beauty. ●

Photo By Lovett Williams



Numerous species of birds, such as the ring-billed gull, above, and various kinds of herons and brown pelican, at right, can be observed at close range.

On location in northern Quebec, geese are driven by helicopter, right, towards wire-mesh trap. Flightless at this time because of the moulting season, close to a hundred geese seeking some avenue of escape, below, are being "funneled" into V-shaped trap entrance for leg banding.

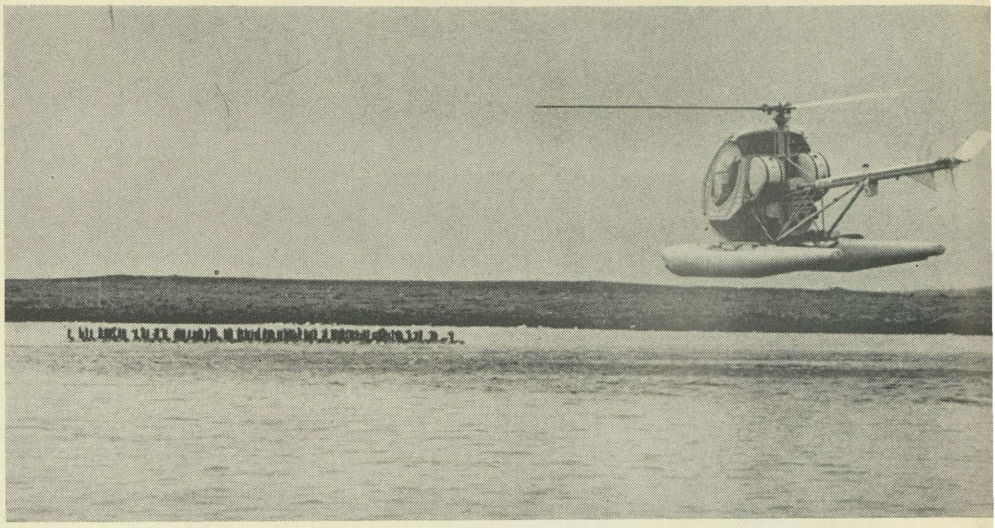
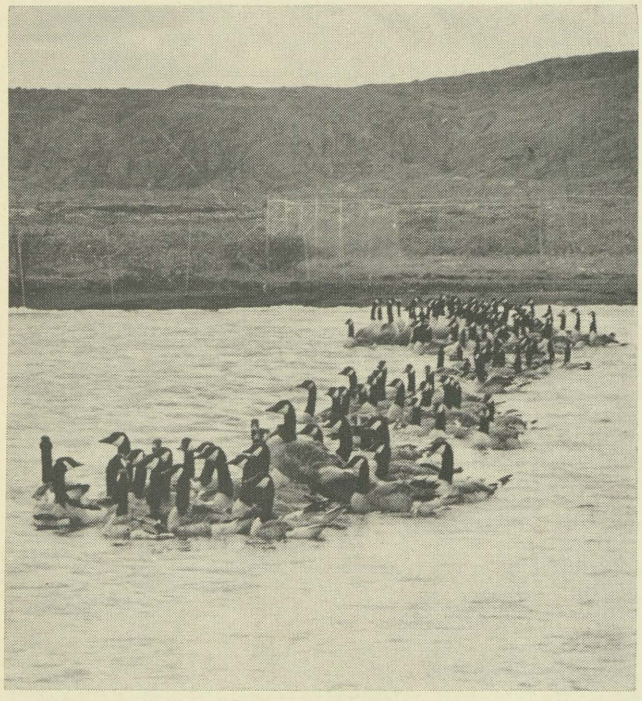


Photo Story

By JIM McDANIEL

Wildlife Biologist, Game Management Division

Wild Goose Roundup



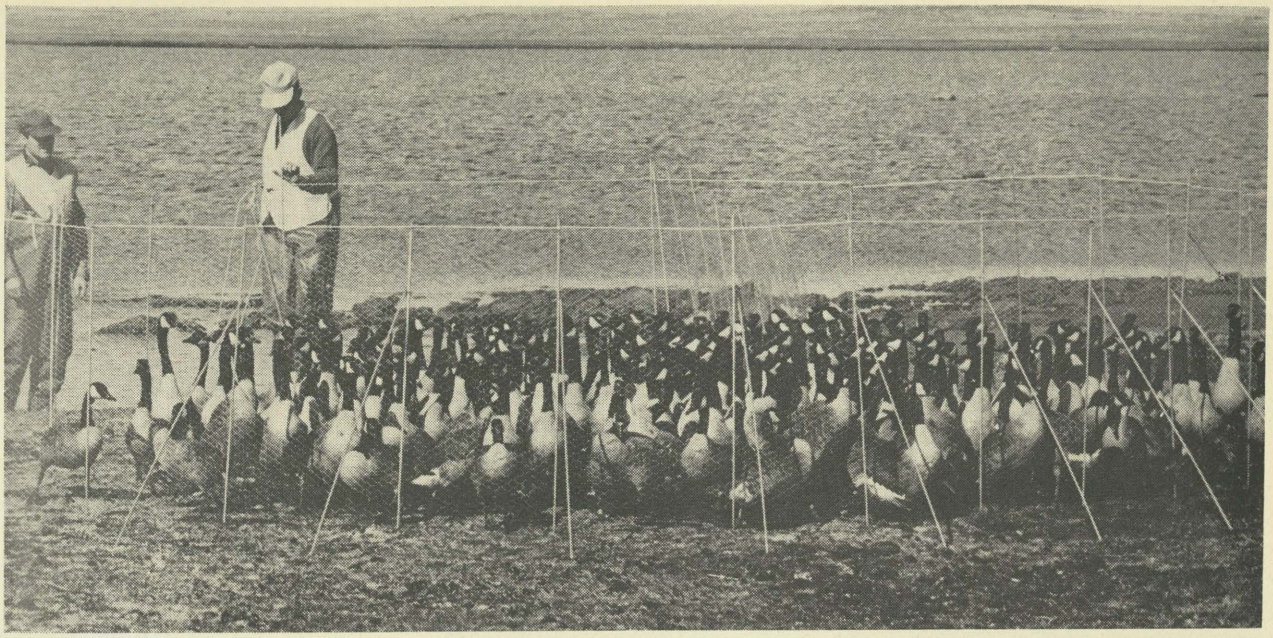
THIS PAST SUMMER, for the first time, the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission assigned a wildlife biologist to the Atlantic Flyway cooperative goose banding program in Canada.

The five man team, operating in the Ungava Bay area, Province of Quebec, consisted of two pilots, two biologists and a technical aide. Banding headquarters, an abandoned iron ore survey camp, was located near the Arctic Circle, a sparsely populated area with the nearest village (Eskimo) some 50 miles away.

As trapping and banding operations got underway, early in July, the wild goose egg hatch was just beginning; in nests constructed of breast feathers, moss and debris, arranged in ground depressions. Typical goose nesting habitat is near the lakes, or on small islands; some no more than three or four feet in diameter.

This is the time of the year when geese are in "non-flight" status due to moulting season and loss of primary wing feathers. This condition lasts about three weeks, the time selected for banding opera-





Photos By Jim McDaniel

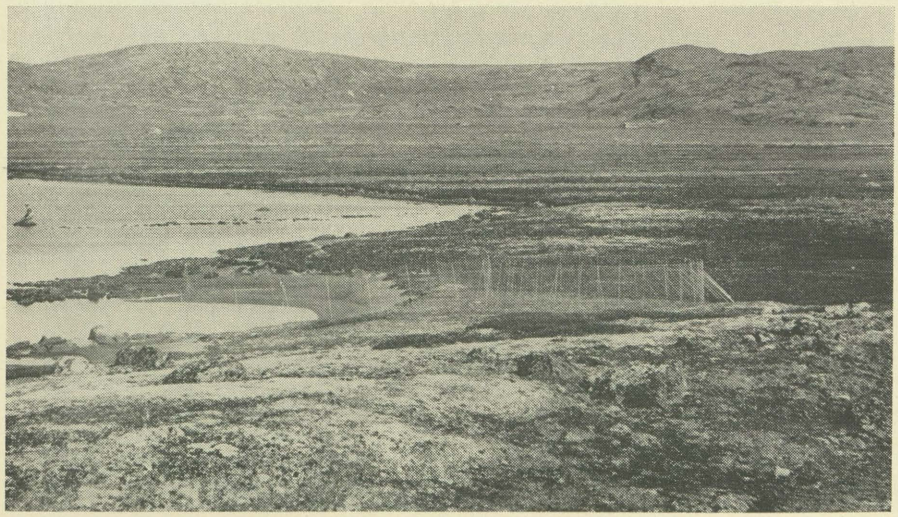
tions. Flocks of geese in the region ranged from 25 to 500.

A new trapping technique was employed this year; a "round-up" helicopter replaced the conventional float-plane. At the opposite end of the lake from where a corral-style trap-pen was built, the 'copter pilot would start driving the geese. Team members moved along the lake edges, keeping the geese bunched in the "push" towards the V-shaped leads that would funnel them into the pen.

Each of the penned geese received a numbered aluminum leg band, and biological information such as age and sex determination was recorded for each band. More than two thousand geese were banded at this site; an additional 2,500 were banded by another team operating nearby.

Somewhere in the United States this winter (maybe in Florida), more answers to the "where does the wild goose go" question will be recorded when leg bands are checked at wintering trap sites, and from those bands returned by lucky goose hunters. ●





As the trap door closes on the flock, above, biologists go to work on each bird, recording sex and age data to conform with the numbered leg bands. The terrain in this goose banding area, left, is typical tundra; very rocky, treeless, and surrounded with eroded mountains and numerous lakes.

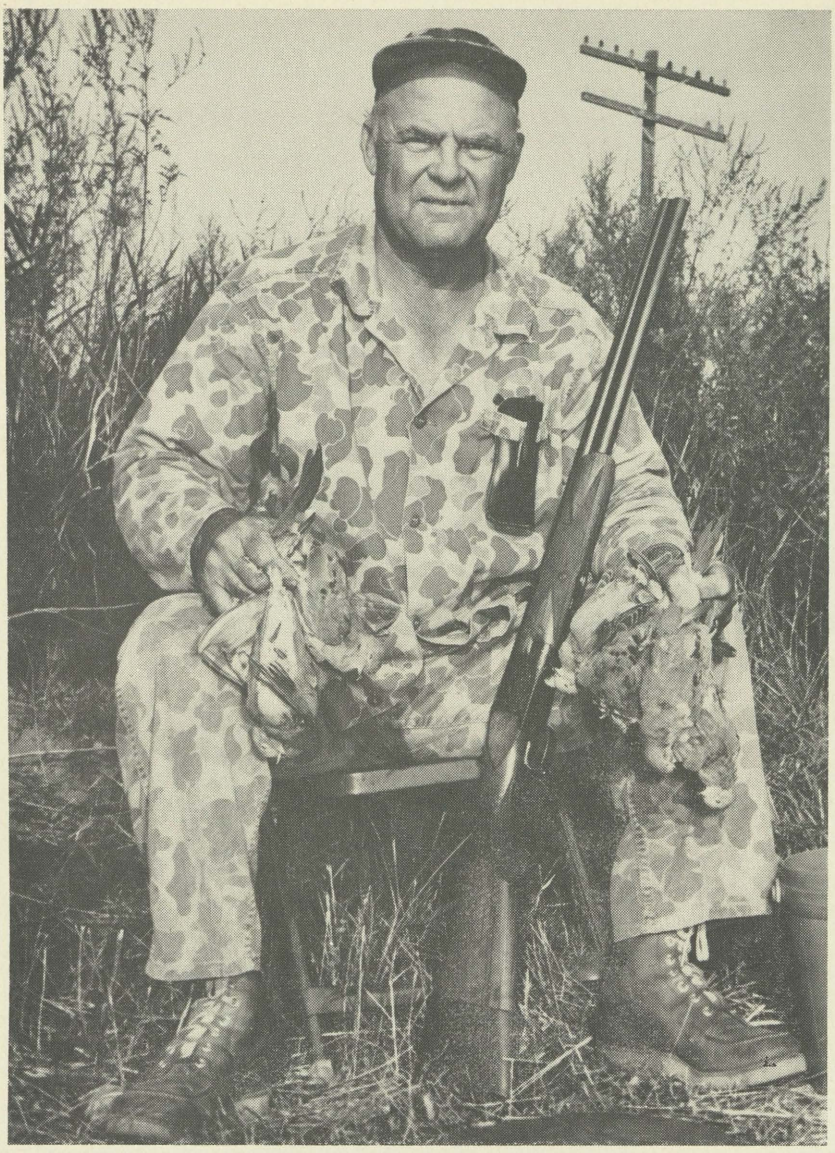


Photo By Art Runnels

Although full concealment is not necessary while dove hunting, it will be a definite help wearing some type of camouflage clothing. Hunting action will be fast and furious, and often brief, when a determined dove flock moves into a feeding area, despite clearly visible and poised shotgunners.

The wise hunter will not discount the swift flying dove — it could mean more misses than hits

Never

WHEN THEY FIRST appeared just above the far distant trees, they looked more like a changing pattern of big bugs rather than birds. But as they rapidly approached, their certain identity as birds became unmistakable—and their deceptive-speed wing beat and flight characteristics further identified them as doves!

Around the grain-planted, Game Commission managed, public dove hunting field more than two hundred pairs of eyes hopefully watched the flock's fast approach. Loaded guns were held in readiness.

On they came—straight at first, but inevitably half-circling, twisting and dipping in the manner of fast-flying doves. They were headed for long rows of partially matured grain and seemingly had chosen a landing spot not far from the big field's center.

As leaders in the flock crossed the bordering fence-line, a waiting gunner suddenly stood erect from his crouched position behind a clump of dog fennel, and fired. He missed! His autoloader boomed two more times; again the shots apparently were misses. No birds fell.

Sixty yards away another gunner opened up as the birds came into range for him. He fired twice. On his second shot, a single bird faltered in flight, failed to keep up with the flock and began a long glide earthward that ended with a crash landing, followed by a fluttering of wings attempting fresh take-off. Not until the pursuing gunner was within range and a finishing shot fired was the kill certain.

Meanwhile, the other birds of the flock were running a gantlet of guns as they determinedly headed for mid-field. Voices of 20's and 16's mingled with those of heavy 12 gauge. Eighteen shots were fired within seconds. Yet, with all the shooting, only four birds were downed!

Dove hunting is like that; some hunters maintain that it is the hardest form of upland game shooting. If there is any game bird that can deflate the ego of an egotistical or overly-confident gunner, it is the mourning dove.

Even so, more doves are killed each hunting season than any other game bird species.

But they don't get killed easily or cheaply. At best, average day kill per hunter is low—usually not more than four or five birds for at least two or three hours of hunting. Their hunting comes high; every season hunters shoot more than $13,000,000 worth of shells *at* doves.

Final table fare cost—considering added expenditures for gun, license, transportation, etc.—gives an ounce of dove meat the equivalent value of a quantity of finest imported caviar or some exotic game food freshly harvested in a far-off country and flown to table by a trans-ocean jet! No matter how you figure it, a pound of 100% edible dove meat will cost you plenty.

Fortunately, the fun of shooting the tricky-flyers overshadows all expenditures and physical effort. Only the logarithmic type of hunter, with his irrefutable slide rule, is ever apt to put away his shotgun as an economy-minded gesture; for him prime beef—or caviar—will prove a slide rule calculation best buy. He will be right, but he'll be a lonely man during dove season.

Several years ago a number of southeastern states —Florida included—undertook a cooperative study of the life and nesting habits of the mourning dove, with the objective of eventual sound management. Five field factors given close study were annual population trends, annual production, migratory tendencies, effect of hunting and causes of natural mortality.

Among findings on the Florida scene was the fact that during October and early November tremendous concentrations of dove occur in west Florida counties, as flocks from northearn climes move southward to find winter homes and augment resident flocks. It was found that the transients stop briefly in west Florida counties, but thereafter move southward, especially to Dade, Broward and Monroe counties. . . .

In case you saw or shot an orange-colored dove of past seasons, that particular bird was trapped, banded and dyed by Game Commission biologists to help determine dove migration flight. . . .

One result of the study was adoption of the presently observed split dove hunting season in Flor-

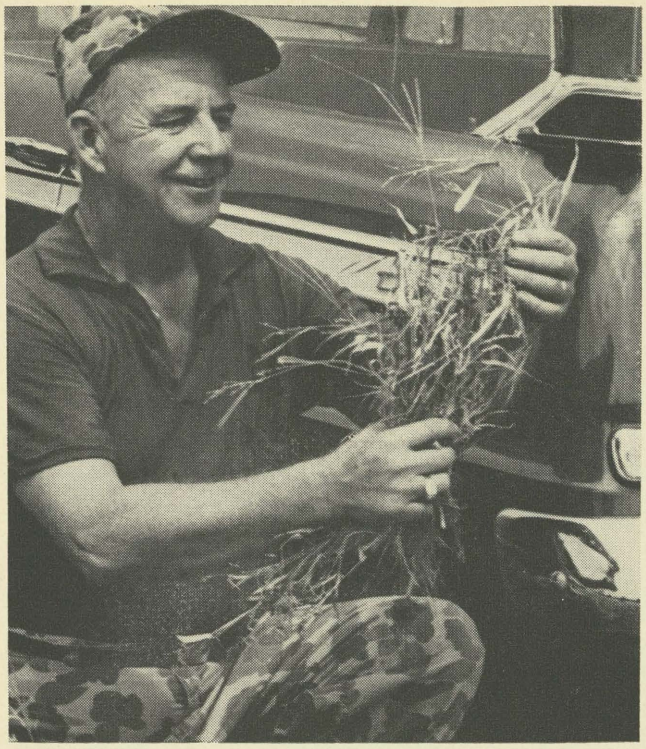
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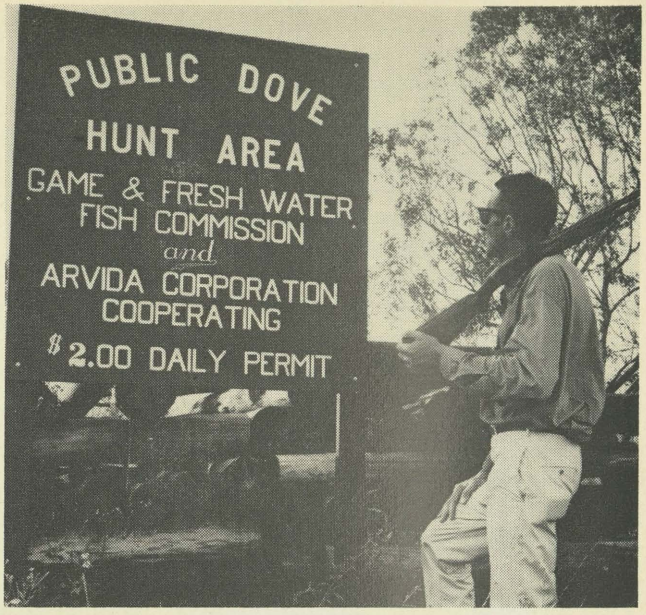
A Sure Thing

By EDMUND McLAURIN

Photo By Gene Smith







Brown-top millet, being examined by Commissioner W. T. McBroom at left, is a favorite dove food planted on public hunt fields. There are 26 commission-managed dove hunting areas such as the Arvida field, above and right, located throughout the state.

(Continued from preceding page)

ida, an innovation the Florida Game Commission convinced Department of Interior officials to be the next most feasible step when that governing Federal agency refused to consider zoned hunting for Florida.

Despite a high natural mortality rate, plus hunting season decimations, the national dove population is holding its own, and in some sections even showing an annual increase. Studies have established that annual hunting does no harm to basic breeding stock.

It was not always so. During the years when the U. S. Fish & Wildlife Service authorized a generous but illogical bag limit of 25 birds per hunter per day, Nature sometimes stepped in and made her own heavy harvest. During such years dove populations suffered. The present bag limit of 12 birds per open hunting day seems to keep dove populations at just about right level.

The 12 bird limit is also an acceptable comprise by hunters who once felt that previously imposed bag limits of eight and other numbers below fifteen were unnecessarily restrictive.

Some hunters do not like a split calendar open dove season; others do. The same is true about the hours between noon and sunset being the only legal hunting period of an open day.

But whether you like them or not, don't blame your Game Commission for imposed regulations. They are set by Federal decree, and although state commissions may make specific recommendations and offer reports of resident biologists who are truly experts on doves, Washington rulings take top priority. Because the dove is classified as a migratory bird, legal control of dove populations in the United States is vested in the U. S. Fish & Wildlife Service, of the Department of Interior. That is one reason why—among other enforced hunting regulations—you have to limit your repeating shotgun to three shell capacity regardless of state in which doves are hunted.

Increasing human populations and resulting home building and civic expansion have markedly reduced the number of formerly available dove hunting areas—but with little effect on the birds themselves. They have welcomed the establishment of new housing developments and shopping centers, and have continued to find adequate feed from seeding yard weeds and freshly seeded Florida lawns, along with area freedom from gunfire.

In rural areas, doves subsist principally on waste chaff of farm and dairy land crops. Farm and dairy operations also generally supply the salt that doves need in their diet, plus convenient watering spots. Other than corn, millet and other farm-grown crop grains, they particularly like the seeds of pokeberry, ragweed, crab grass, smart weed, bull paspalum, vetch, sedge and freshly seeded lawns of homeowners. So far as the resident Florida dove is concerned, many of these foods can be as easily found in a heavily populated community as in remote rural sections. Food is seldom a problem to a Florida dove!

To create needed public acreage where resident hunters can shoot doves reasonably close to home, the Florida Game Commission now has 26 open-to-



Photos By Don Cullimore, Jr.

hunting fields operating seasonally in eighteen counties of the state. First tried as an experimental operation several years ago, the program has proven highly successful, and has since been rapidly expanded in accordance with available acreage. Leased land is pre-season planted with dove attracting grains.

Most of the fields require a small daily permit shooting fee, in addition to usual hunting license.

In return, the hunter has the privilege of shooting birds over a field of maturing grain, with hunting conditions that meet the requirements of imposed Federal regulations and local county firearms ordinances.

No matter where you live in Florida, there is at least one Game Commission-managed public dove hunting field within easy driving distance. Fields in Jackson, Bay, Franklin, Okaloosa, Santa Rosa, Walton, Liberty, Wakulla, Leon, Duval, Suwannee, Orange, Seminole, Sarasota, Charlotte, Indian River, Palm Beach and Dade counties offer wide geographical choice.

In dove shooting, fast gun handling characterizes most of the action, and simply because the average 16 gauge gun is lighter in weight and a bit faster and smoother of swing than one of 12 gauge, a 16 is preferred by many experts. In like vein, as many more want the even lighter and faster pointing 20 gauge.

Admittedly, a 12 gauge will give slightly increased killing range, but not so much that you will ever likely notice it. Remember, it takes on the average of only two pellets of Size 7½ shot penetrating a dove's vitals to bring it down, whether fired from a 12 or 20 gauge gun.

For reasons of sustained firepower, most dove shooters prefer a pump or autoloader. Many a dove has fallen to a shot from a conventional double barrel gun, however. The disadvantage of a double barrel gun on a fast-action dove field is that it will require a lot of reloading when targets are numerous.

Modified Choke boring is always a good choice if your shotgun is purchased without factory-installed selective choke muzzle attachment; in fact, Modified Choke is a good all around performer on most upland game, if there is no extra, interchangeable barrel or no adjustable muzzle attachment.

If you can afford to do so, it is always a good idea to purchase your shotgun with installed selective choke device, or have one fitted to your present gun. Then you will be prepared for any field shooting condition. On days when birds are flying close to gun, you can use Improved Cylinder choke setting, and as easily change to Full Choke on targets flying high or keeping respectful low level distance from the gun.

Evidently, doves have remarkable acumen about when to put distance between themselves and hunters and when they can safely be ignored. Every dove hunter knows how quickly an incoming bird can react and swerve to avoid a detected hunter along flight path. But when guns are cased the birds show little concern. The acme was probably reached in the experience of a Missouri dove hunter, a guest shooter on a Florida field. He had flyers veer, dodge and otherwise avoid his pointing gun all afternoon, only to have an audacious dove light on the hood of his car and defiantly walk back and forth in front of the car's windshield as he started to drive home!

Unless there are guns firing to keep them moving, doves approaching a food plot like to first pause on a limb of a dead tree or on a fence wire to look things over.

Take advantage of this exhibited trait. Set up dove decoys on a dead snag or along wire fence where they will easily be seen by any dove in the vicinity. Chances are that before long the decoys will have live company. Take shooting station within sure killing range, but not too close. Full concealment is not absolutely necessary, but camouflage is definitely helpful. Once on stand, try to

(*Continued on next page*)

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avoid movement and noise until the moment for fast action.

The complacent trap and Skeet shooter can deliberately place his feet and unhurriedly take shooting stance best suited to gun handling in relation to probable flight angle of called-for target. Not so the dove hunter! He invariably has to take most of his shots without any preliminaries, and often from an unbalanced or otherwise unorthodox shooting stance. There's no denying—doves can be difficult targets, and the later the season and more wary the birds, the higher and faster they usually fly and the harder they are to hit!

If a dove hunter had a sure-fire technique for consistent killing of doves—say, straight runs of 15 birds for 15 shells fired, or even 14 kills from every 15 shotshells expended, and knew how to put the technique in readable form for book sale on "guaranteed results or money back" basis, he would have a best seller that would outrank GONE WITH THE WIND and PEYTON PLACE.

So far, no dove hunter has come forward with a perfect technique.

There are, however, a few shooting tips that help get results.

First, learn to judge shooting distances reasonably well. Don't make the mistake of firing at birds when they may be out of range. Your shotgun is essentially a short-range weapon; don't expect it to throw its load of small shot a long distance with killing effect. If you are tempted into long-range shots—and miss—your targets will likely veer and by-pass your gun. A lone dove is almost sure to do that. A flock may put on steam and keep coming, but you will be handicapped with an empty or partially loaded gun. Save your shots until birds are in sure killing range.

For straight-on incomers still 20 yards away, swing in on your target from *under* the bird and make the shot just as the shotgun's upswinging muzzle blots out the target, *and follow through with your gun swing.* . . . For 35 and 40 yard head-on incomers, see that gun muzzle is *leading* the target as it approaches.

On straight-aways, see some daylight between your target and front sight. How much? From three to six inches should be about right, if your shotgun delivers the bulk and center of its shot charge eight or ten inches above point of aim at 40 yards. Experience can be a good teacher; when you make a straight-away kill, try to mentally catalog the approximate number of inches of daylight you saw between shotgun barrel tip and your going-away target, and the distance over which the kill was made.

Unless you are a fast gun-swinger with plenty of Skeet field practice experience and resultant good coordination, don't attempt to take birds passing very close to the gun—a situation that sometimes happens. Instead, wait until your feathered target is just right distance for a smoothly applied gun swing, while still in killing range. Figure on 20 yards as being the lowest firing range, whether the target is coming or going.

On right angle shots—say, 25 to 40 yards out—you will have to bring gun muzzle to bear *on a point back of your bird,* catch up with it and swing pass on the exact angle of its flight, and fire when gun muzzle has reached a point ahead of target to give you the lead you deem necessary for the speed of the target. It is important that the gun swing be given follow-through, and that it is not stopped as trigger is slapped.

Keep in mind that the closer the target, the faster gun swing must be. Crossing shots at 20 yards or less are usually difficult for the average dove hunter to make.

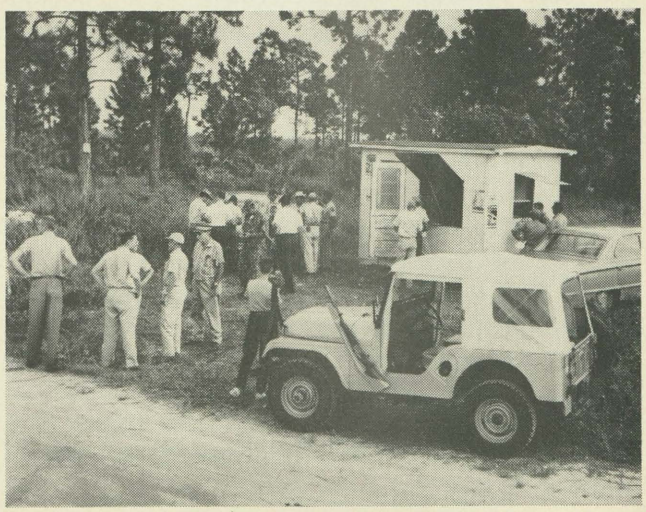
If you shoot at a lone dove and miss him the first shot, be ready to make your second shot at a lower level. Almost always a lone dove will dive sharply if you miss him on the first shot. Wait until he completes his dive and again levels off, then blast him.

When with other birds your flying target may not dive at all, but will simply turn on extra speed and try to put safe distance between the two of you. Likewise, when you fire into a flock you can bet that the birds will not retreat in the direction from which they came, but will either bore straight ahead or swerve slightly.

Of course, the foregoing are merely hunting tips—not the 100% successful, guaranteed technique most dove hunters long for; you are going to miss a good percentage of your shots, regardless. Dove shooting is like that. It's never a sure thing. ●

Special "dove field" regulations and general information may be obtained from regional offices listed on page 3, or at the various Public Dove Hunt Area check stations.

Photo By Don Cullimore, Jr.



Late autumn is "on-the-ready" time for thousands of anglers awaiting the popular shad fishing return.

Annual Shad Run



Florida State News Bureau Photo

FLORIDA'S FRESH WATER piscatorial paradise—is due to host a great amount of action in the near future. The St. Johns River is the point of rendezvous for the annual clashing of visiting anglers and the highly-sought spawning shad.

The shad are essentially salt water specimens, but once a year romance gets the best of them and its off to the fresh water to lay their eggs.

That time of the year in Florida begins in December, earlier than anywhere else in the nation which claims good shad fishing. And December just happens to be the big winter tourist month for the Sunshine State. What a combination!

With all the right elements present, a portion of the St. Johns River, a considerable distance from the mouth at a place called Lemon Bluff, becomes one of the most active angling locations in the state.

The fishermen use every method imaginable to capture these game creatures.

Trolling is one of the most popular means, although where the shad congregate casting (both fly and spinning) are sure to gain their share of support.

Once hooked, the shad's reaction is hard to predict. Some of their avid supporters call them "the fresh water tarpon" because of their fight. Others lean to the opposite viewpoint and describe catching shad as easy as pulling in minnows on the old riverbank. Their actual fighting capacity probably is found in between both extremes.

As for food value, the boney shad is tops. The female produces a concoction called "shad roe" which makes many an angler's mouth water and is tabbed by some as being better than the best caviar. The species was once the most important food fish of the South Atlantic until its quantity was cut to a minimum.

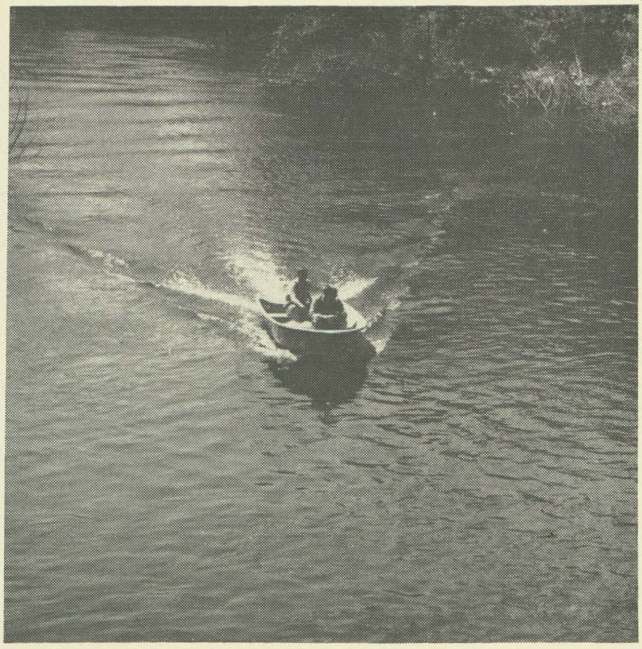
The shad is the largest and most prized member of the herring family and may reach 30 inches in length or eight pounds in weight. Whatever the size, its fight is that of a bigger fish in most cases.

Abundance of the herring clan member is soaring back to its former role and the St. Johns River is a prime example.

After spawning in the fresh water above tidewater, the mother shad produces a large family to return to to the ocean at the end of the summer.

The young shad then stay in the salt water depths for three to four years when they in turn participate in the St. John's rendezvous and continue to make Florida the "fishingest" place in the world. ●

Photo By Bill Hansen



Boats for shad fishing come in all shapes and sizes, from large luxury-style craft, to smaller easy-to-move skiffs.

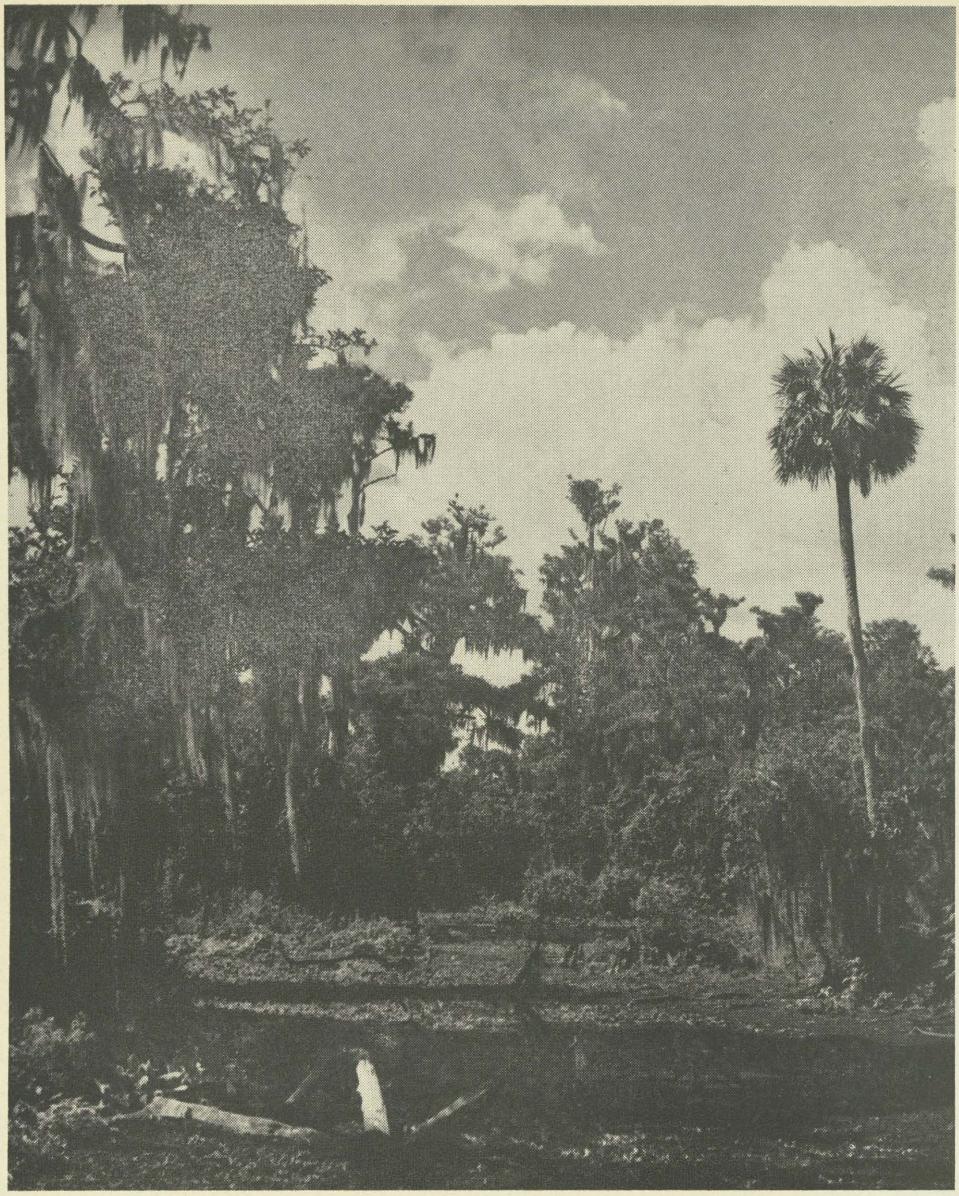


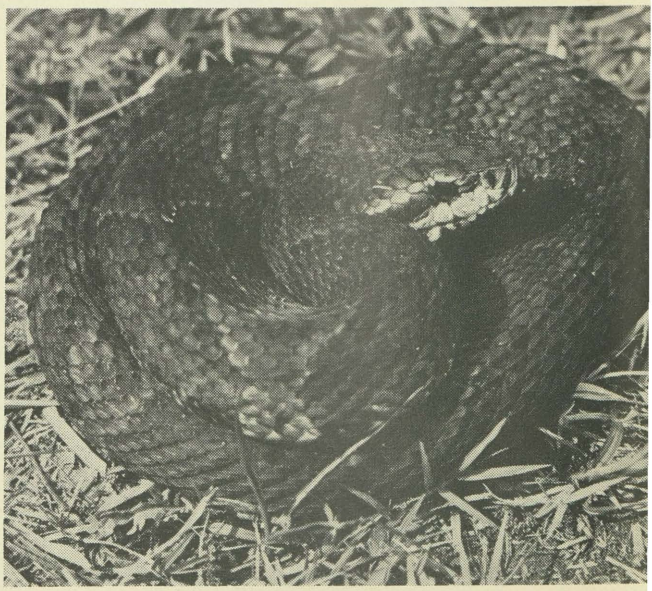
Photo By John Fix

Visitors to Corkscrew Swamp sanctuary are overwhelmed with the feeling that this is the way it has always been, from the very beginning of time

By **JOHN FIX**

Photos By Wallace Hughes





A Backward Turn

AS IT BECOMES more and more difficult to flee the congestion of our world of today, the ravages of our bulldozers and the sad spectacle of man's success in upsetting the delicate balance of Nature, have you often wished you might go back in Time and step into the America of 500 . . . 1,000 . . . 2,000 years ago?

You can do just that. For in Florida there is a place, completely accessible by auto; a delightfully primitive place where even the nearest telephone jangle is 18 miles away.

It is a place with no highways and no dwellings. A lush, primeval place of giant trees, air plants, rare orchids, mosses, ferns, hidden lakes and sprakling ponds. A place where alligators and turtles and water moccasins lazily doze in the sun. A place with the tracks of bears and panthers; of deer, bobcats, otters and raccoons. A place where at nesting time the crest of the mighty forest wears a white chaplet of birds.

The place is Corkscrew Swamp Sanctuary, located in the northern part of Collier County, between Naples and Immokalee. Corkscrew Swamp is under the protection of the National Audubon Society which each year is spending $18,000 (and taking in $750!) to keep 6080 acres of virgin forest in an unspoiled state. Corkscrew attracts some 3,000 nature lovers and conservationists a year. These rank it among such memorable spectacles as the Grand Canyon, Yosemite Park and the Carlsbad Caverns.

For Corkscrew Swamp Sanctuary has the largest remaining stand of bald cypress, so-called because in winter it is without leaves. Corkscrew is the vestigial remains of the millions of acres of bald cypress that once covered the southwestern peninsula. Among its trees are the oldest in eastern North America. Some—(one tree has a girth of more than 25 feet!)—were centuries old when Columbus was trying to prove the world round and find a shorter route to the Indies.

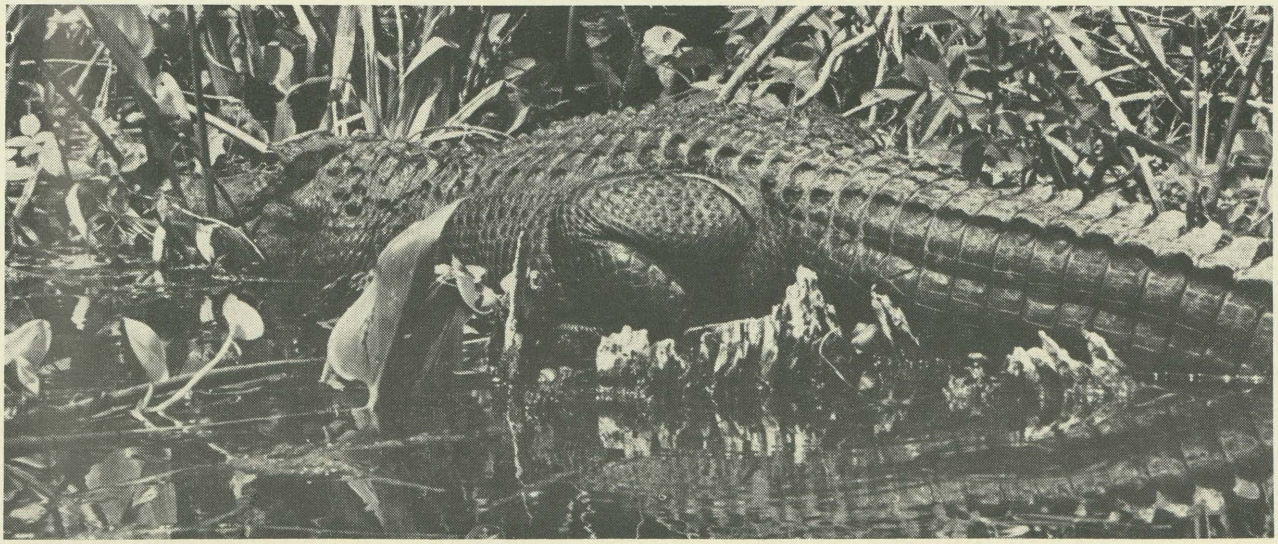
Corkscrew is named for the twisting creek that writhes through the marsh at the north end of the swamp. It was part of a 20-mile-long cypress strand scheduled for cutting in 1954 by the Lee Tidewater Cypress Company. The Audubon Society obtained an option to buy it as a sanctuary. It sent out a call for help. Foundations, Garden Clubs, nature organizations and individuals responded with enthusiasm—and money; $170,000 was raised for the acquisition of 2,240 acres of the land; another $30,000 for preparing the Sanctuary for visitors. The Tidewater Company gave the Audubon Society a Christmas present of 640 additional acres which, in gratitude, were named the "J. Arthur Curry Forest," after the president of Tidewater. Finally, to complete the present extent of the Sanctuary, Collier County leased the Society 3,200 acres at a rental of $1 a year. The Society purchased this acreage, at a later date, for $25,000.

Then a few months ago (October 1966), the Audubon Society was heartened by the announcement of the Ford Foundation, that $2.4 billion giant among American philanthropic funds, that it would provide $232,000 for the expansion and pres-

(Continued on next page)

Corkscrew Swamp, left, is a naturally rich home for air plants, bald cypress, palms, Spanish moss, rare orchids, sparkling lakes and hidden ponds. It is a place where, from left, soft-shelled turtles, water moccasins and alligators can lazily bask in the sun.

Photo By Janet Alexander



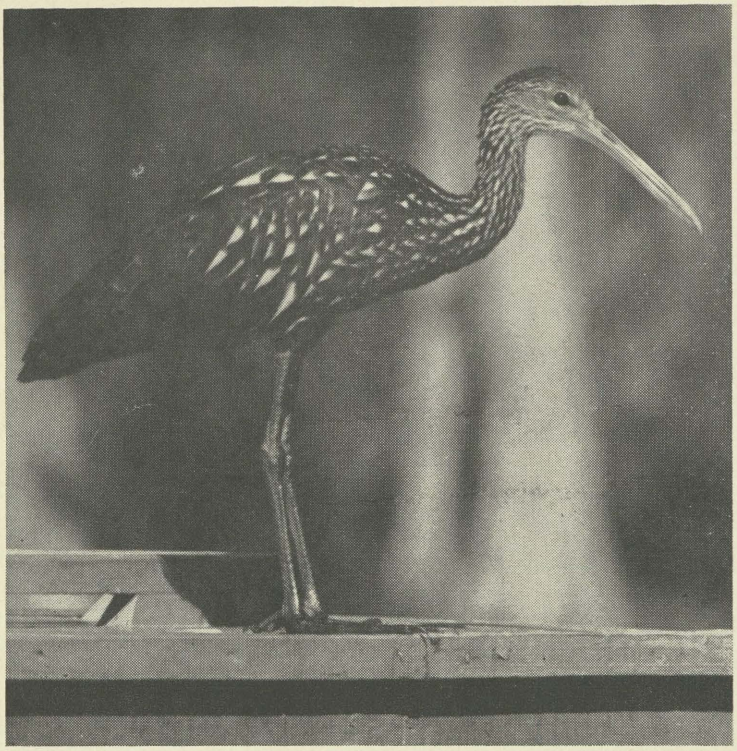


Photo By Bill Hansen

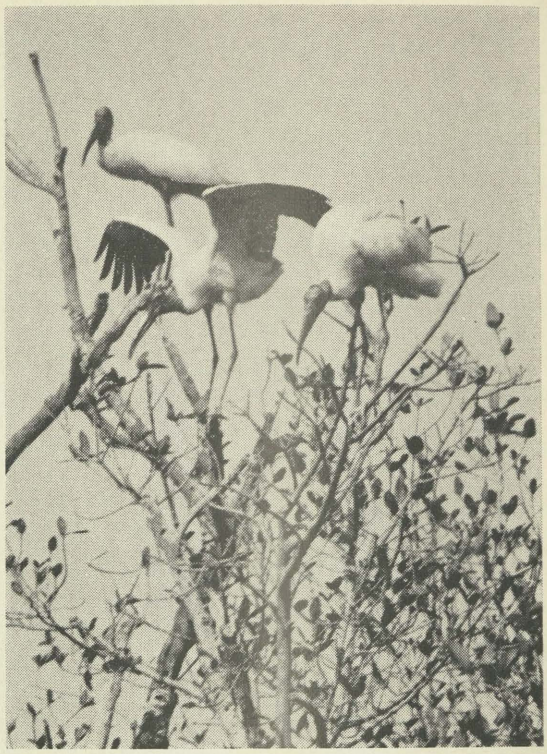


Photo By Wallace Hughes

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ervation of Corkscrew Swamp Sanctuary, providing such funds would be matched by $464,000 in private funds. A drive will presently be underway to procure the necessary private contributions. The Ford Foundation's gift, plus the 2-to-1 matching funds, will enable the Audubon Society to add 2,640 acres to the sanctuary and to build a catchment basin where summer rainfall can stand to nourish the swamp through dry winters.

In late 1955, construction of 3,555 feet of boardwalk over the swamp was begun. This was completed in January 1961. Every post, each plank of this boardwalk, constructed of cypress "The Wood Eternal," was fabricated by hand, the workmen often toiling chest-deep in the waters of the swamp. Later, outside the Sanctuary, headquarters for maintenance and protective personnel were set up and a Chickee, a thatch-roof Seminole-type shelter erected at the entrance to the boardwalk. There is now an additional shelter at a halfway point along the boardwalk, so that the visitor caught in a shower will not have to retrace his steps.

At first impression in making a tour of the boardwalk is an overwhelming profusion of plants, from the giant cypresses to the tiny jingle-bell orchids and the floating duck-weed. All of the large trees and many of the smaller are shrouded in Spanish moss which, incidentally, is neither Spanish nor a moss. Jutting from the swamp about the base of the cypresses are the so-called cypress "knees." Some naturalists believe these to be breathers for water-surrounded roots; others deem them simply structural supports for the roots.

At intervals, clusters of magnificent ferns flaunt their fronds 10 and 12 feet into the air and one gets a glimpse of our world when dinosaurs made the earth tremble with their ponderous tread. For the fern-like plants are Cycads, the oldest form of plant life on earth. Also of particular interest among the ferns is the Resurrection Fern, which, dry and withered, is to all appearances dead. But 30 minutes after a shower, it springs back to life, green and vibrant.

Along the boardwalk are the Jingle-Bell orchids which one can approach without being aware that they are there; nothing but slender, graying roots clinging to a leafless branch. Peer closely and you will see the orchids, pin-head size, with tiny pods of a shape that accounts for the name of the plant.

And a weird creature of the plant world: The leafless Ghost Orchid, resembling nothing so much as a dinner-plate-size spider clutching the trunk of a tree.

Audubon officials report seeing as many as 50 varieties of birds in the area of the swamp. Wood storks and the wood ibis (often known as the American Stork) nest near the boardwalk. Their colony numbers 4,700 pairs. And there are American and snowy egrets and herons of all sizes and hues. There is the limpkin whose eerie near-human wail echoing over the swamp at dusk never fails to elicit a shudder. The limpkin dines on Pomacea Snails. Piles of Pomacea (bulls-eye) shells will often be encountered on the boardwalk where the bird has been feeding.

And there are the great swallow-tailed kites, breathtaking in their swift, effortless flight. Barred

owls, red-bellied woodpeckers, marsh hens and the grotesque turkey vulture. Not to mention the occasional glimpse of a majestic bald eagle high in a tree.

The animals with which the swamp abounds are not so easy to see. They may be within touching distance but, motionless and protectively colored, impossible to spot. There are panthers in the region. Raccoons and possums are common. So too are the grey squirrels and the pretty Fox Squirrels with their white noses and white ears. Otters may often be seen on the boardwalk and, in the greenish waters of the swamp, alligators 12 to 14 feet in length, indistinguishable from a moss-covered fallen log. Bobcats have been spotted by Audubon rangers but they are extremely shy. So too are the deer found mostly at the edge of the swamp.

The boardwalk is open to visitors daily from 9 to 5, except Christmas, New Years Day, Thanksgiving and the 4th of July. A contribution of $1 is requested of every person over 12.

Corkscrew Swamp Sanctuary is one of the few places where one is overwhelmed by the feeling that this is the way it has always been; this is the way I shall always find it. Corkscrew is a remnant of a far-away, peaceful world unaltered by man's misguided effort to improve it. But if Corkscrew is too justify the perpetuation of its existence, folks must be made aware of it.

As Charles Hutchinson, superintendant of the Sanctuary, puts it, "Visitors must find this great wilderness and help us protect it or it will become another victim of progress as surely as it were hit by an atom bomb." ●

Photo By Jim Reed



Photo By Bill Hansen



Photo By John Fix



The penetrating call of the Limpkin, above left, is a never to be forgotten voice of the swamp; the Wood Ibis or stork is at home there. The rare Florida Panther, above, roams its paths, and fierce-eyed Bobcats remain hidden in heavy vegetation. The boardwalk, right, takes one deep into the fantastic wilderness, over lakes, where wild animals dwell.

What Is A Quail Hunter?

By CHARLES DICKEY



Photo By Wallace Hughes

BETWEEN A BOY'S first shotgun and a tottering old man we find a delightfully unpredictable creature called a quail hunter. Quail hunters come in assorted sizes, but all of them have the same creed: To enjoy every second of every minute of every hour of every hunting trip — and to violently protest when the sun sinks beneath the horizon and it gets too dark to hunt.

Quail hunters are found nearly everywhere — on steep ridges, bragging in offices, field trials, swamps, sporting goods stores, conservation meetings, Sunday schools, back rooms and at board meetings. Mothers love them, young girls hate them, older brothers and sisters tolerate them, the boss envies them, and Heaven protects them. A quail hunter is Truth with dirt on its face, Beauty with a briar scratch on its finger, Wisdom with Nature as its God, and the Hope of the future with good-will toward man.

When you are busy, a quail hunter is thinking of pointers, setters and country roads. When you want him to make a good impression on a client, he may talk only of the triple he once bagged, the way Ole Spot honors a point, the spring bird hatch or the prospects of his newest pup.

A quail hunter is a composite — he is content with "rat" cheese and crackers for lunch at a country store but his ulcer has to be pampered with a special diet when he's home; he will drink from any old well without question; he has the energy of a hurricane when he starts hunting although in the office it tires him to walk to the pay window; he has the lungs of a dictator when he yells at the dogs although his secretary complains that he whispers all the time; he has the imagination of a scientist as he looks for coveys along each likely edge; he shows the audacity of a steel trap as he tramps through green briars oblivious of the pain in his thighs; he has the enthusiasm of a firecracker as he beats every brush pile, and when the dogs do go on point, he has forgotten to load his gun.

He likes dirty hunting pants, old guns, hunting knives, leaky boots, long weekends, all kinds of field dogs, back roads, wool shirts, abandoned farms and questionable companions who also are quail hunters. He is not much for social gatherings between Thanksgiving and March, stray cats, neckties, educational books, weekend company, barbers, people who post land, and clients who don't hunt. Without thought of race, creed or color, he likes people who hunt bobwhite quail three months a year and talk about it twelve.

Nobody else is so early to rise, or so late to supper — during the bird season. Nobody else gets so much fun out of chasing dogs, trampling honeysuckle, and getting mud on his feet. Nobody else suffers so silently with aching feet, twisted ankles and strained muscles. Nobody else can cram into one pocket a rusty knife, 17 No. 8 shells, an extra pack of smokes, a compass that doesn't work, six dog biscuits, change for lunch, a hunting license, waterproof matches, a crow call, a red handkerchief, last year's duck stamp, extra boot laces, a broken dog whistle, a snake-bite kit, and a bottle opener.

A quail hunter is a magical creature — you might get sore at his constant chatter about birds but you can't lock him out of your heart. You can assign him itineraries in the spring, but you know where he'll be in the fall. His sales chart will be as good as the next, but he'll get it there in his own sweet time. He may be the very one who sells the "rich old buzzard" who spends his winters quail hunting in Florida.

You might as well give up — the quail hunter is a child of Nature with a hopeless one-track mind. He'll do his work with the best of them, but when December rolls around he's out in the field behind a young pup and an old veteran on the prowl for Mr. Bobwhite. He's earnest in his work but he's just a little more sincere when he's slow-trailing a jumpy covey.

And though you get sore at him in the winter, you know you'll always like him. There's something about him that rings true — he's almost too honest. He's a simple and kindly man who asks no more of life than that the birds fly fast, the dogs hold tight, and everything has a sporting chance to live or die. ●

Base on Alan Beck's "What Is A Boy?"
Reprinted from October 1958 FLORIDA WILDLIFE

New Motor Models



The latest outboard models boast new features including lightning-fast, high voltage ignition systems

By ELGIN WHITE

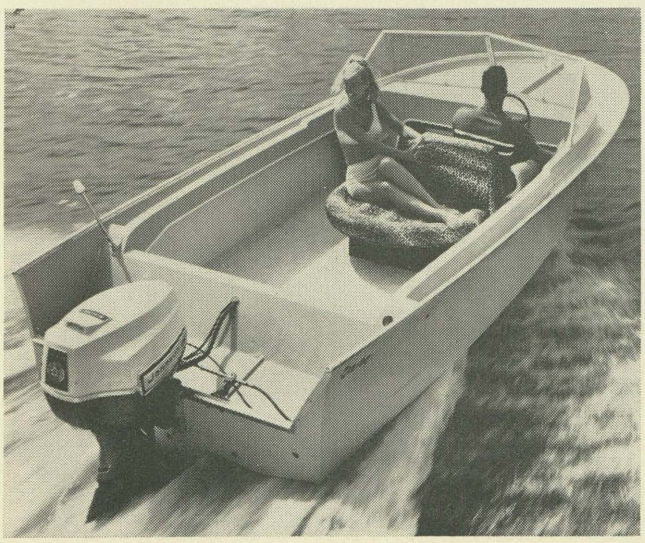
FOR THE PAST 11 years, Kiekhaefer has been putting on what has been called the "Mercury Press Party," whereby some 100-150 of the country's leading boating and outdoor writers are invited to preview the new Mercs for the coming year.

Mercury has been especially good to Florida with these parties, for since I have been in the outdoor and boating writing field, I have been to three held in the Sunshine State, and each one gets better than the preceding one. This year's extravaganza was held at Port-O-Call on Tierra Verde Island, near St. Petersburg.

Port-O-Call is an ideal spot for holding such a party. It is on Tierra Verde Island, there is water, water everywhere, and the establishment has an excellent marina. Port-O-Call is one of the finest motels we have seen, and the chef did himself proud in producing victuals each morning, noon and night for three days that would have made Henry VIII's orgies seem like a high school tea dance.

But the main reason we were there, in addition to the conviviality amongst brothers in crime, so to speak, was to see Merc's new products for 1967.

We had a chance to test run the various outboards, the stern-drives, and the little fishing motors Mercury will have ready for the public for 1967. I will say this . . . I have never driven a quieter outboard. Even the high-powered 110, which I drove over the choppy surf of Tampa Bay, was so quiet at top speed we could carry on a normal conversation in the front of the boat.



The Johnson Golden Meteor for 1967 is OMC's top motor. This model is pushing one of Jim Steiner's Crosby boats.

In presenting the new line of motors, Mercury came up with something new, the "Thunderbolt" ignition. This ignition is a lightning-fast, high voltage ignition system without breaker points. This new capacitance discharge system was pioneered on the six-cylinder Mercs last year and the new version is standard equipment on four 1967 models: the 110 Merc 1100SS, the 95-h.p. Merc 950SS, the 65-h.p. Merc 650SS, and the 50-h.p. Merc 500SS.

The new "Thunderbolt" ignition had its roots in Mercury's World War II experience in producing many tens of thousands military engines. Here are the advantages of the "Thunderbolt" ignition over previous systems:

1. No breaker points to change—ever.
2. Spark plugs last seasons, instead of weeks or days.
3. Pre-ignition is eliminated, even with highly-leaded fuels.
4. Engine efficiency and reliability are greatly increased.

The all-solid state "Thunderbolt" system makes ignition one of the most dependable parts of the outboard engine. The need for periodic checks and adjustments to plugs and points is eliminated, since the breaker system needs no timing correction with use. Once correctly set the timing never needs resetting, since there are no breaker cam or cam follower to wear, no points to pit, erode, wear or need re-gapping.

On hand for the shindig was the "Black Panther," an impressive looking Thunderbird boat that was especially designed for the Ivan Tors studios. Tors is using the "Black Panther" for a super-spy story now being filmed in Florida, and it is equipped . . . boy, is it equipped! . . .with four 9 mm Danish Madison machine guns, twin torpedoes, two 3-inch rockets, and a smoke screen machine. The entire

(Continued on next page)



When you get around to looking at the motor, you will find it to be a new big power package, the Mercury 110.

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ordanance group operates from a master control on the instrument panel. The only thing missing was Sophia Loren and three writers from Tennessee (they shall remain nameless) were found looking under the bow decks for her.

Another innovation Kiekhaefer came up with at the press party was the presentation of MerCathode, a spectacular salt-water corrosion protection. A new quicksilver accessory, MerCathode is a solid-state device that operated completely automatically to provide exactly the right amount of electric current needed to counteract electrolysis.

MerCathode operates off the engine's battery, drawing very little current, and works with equal efficiency on any model stern drive, or outboard, old or new.

If you haven't seen Port-O-Call, you'd better go take a look. This is a pretty fancy place and it has everything for the modern boatman. And it is just a short cast away from some of the finest fishing on the Florida West coast.

AND AFTER ALL THE hoopla and useable information gathered from the Mercury party, I get back in the office and find a fine press kit sent our way from Bill Prentiss of Johnson Motors. It was most interesting to note in Bill's info kit that Johnson has come up with a new ignition, too . . . called "Power Pulse."

The Johnson ignition claims to do what the Mercury "Thunderbolt" ignition does. There are no breaker points, and the system delivers high voltage electricity to spark plug electrodes in the same manner as the Merc system.

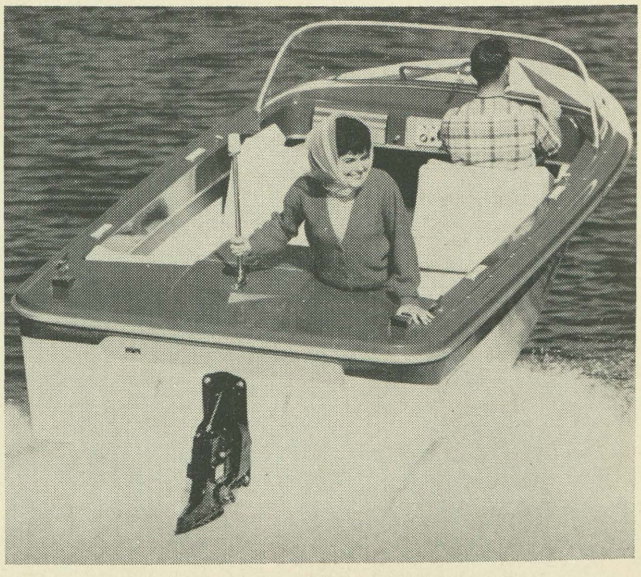
Now, we don't know who got here "fustest with the mostest," but the fact that both these competing outfits have this new ignition system means nothing but good news for all outboarders and stern drive enthusiasts.

In addition to the announcement of new motor lines by Johnson, they tell us, too, that they have added a new stern drive to the line, a 185-h.p. V-8.

Johnson, unlike Mercury, is in the boat business. Several new models are on the line in stern drives, and we used one of them last October in our cruise down the Apalachicola River.

ACTUALLY, WITH THIS BEING introduction time for new models to consumers, it is becoming more and more apparent that the boating business is getting to be like the automobile business. New model announcments are kept top secret until a certain date, usually in September or October, and then the big splash is put on. Unlike automobiles, however, the outboard industry has to depend in the main on engineering advancements to "sell" their new models, for their has been very little change in outward appearance of the motors in the past three years. Johnson has added a different color scheme to its new 1967 motors, with the well known white top being complimented with a lower unit painted in tropic green. This is Johnson's first color change on its motors since 1959.

We are planning several new boating adventures in Florida this spring, and will have reports on motors used on the different cruises. ●



The MerCruiser-80 is one of four all-new stern drive packages for 1967; will power 14 to 18-foot class boats up to 37 mph.

False Pride and the Compass Complex

By Charlie DuBuisson
Savage Arms Company

How MANY HUNTERS will carry a compass (as protection against getting lost), and admit it? How many secretly carry a compass, are ashamed to admit it and steal glances at the instrument while behind a tree or over a knoll so their secret will not be known?

The answer to the first question is, "Not many," to the second question, "Too many."

Not many sportsmen will admit that they depend upon a compass to keep an accurate check of their bearings while in the woods. Too many have a complex about compasses, a sort of false pride which usually results in hours wasted trying to find a way out or in search parties having to be organized to find them.

They seem to think that use of a compass reflects unfavorably upon their ability as woodsmen. To depend upon a compass brands one, it seems, as a novice hunter, a man without experience or woods savvy. Yet the best guides wouldn't think of tackling a patch of wild country without a compass.

It is safe to say that every hunter, regardless of experience, loses his sense of direction in the woods each time he is out, especially when he hunts strange terrain. This is because he concentrates on the hunt, for the most part.

He does not become lost in the sense that he must abandon his efforts to get out, nor will it become necessary to build a fire and wait for a search party. He gets lost in a limited interpretation of the word—that is, he does not always emerge according to his calculations (otherwise known as being temporarily mixed up). He finds his way out only because he does not allow hysteria to dominate sound judgement.

He takes special note of unusual landmarks such as huge or grotesque rocks, large trees, the direction in which a stream is flowing, and sounds that will pinpoint a highway or a logging camp. He keeps the location of the sun in mind and takes note of wind shifts.

But the sun does not always shine, wind patterns change frequently, there is not always a stream or highway to depend on and, to the hunter who has suddenly realized he is temporarily confused, everything around him appears to be just a patch of woods with no distinguishing landmarks.



Photo By Wallace Hughes

It's easier to get lost than most hunters think, especially when moving through unknown country, or different terrain types that may be completely strange in nature than used to.

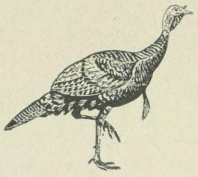
The chief danger in such situations lies in the hunter substituting panic for reasoning. He walks in circles because there is nothing to guide him in a definite direction, or so he thinks.

Should you find yourself in this predicament and without a compass, pick out a distant tree or other object that lies ahead of you in a straight line, walk to it, select another and continue the process.

In this manner you will eventually emerge at some point, rather than having to wander aimlessly about without direction. Many hunters who carry compasses will attempt to relocate their bearings without resorting to the instrument. This increases their ability as woodsmen. They experience no panic because they know the compass will get them out if their judgement fails.

In any case, a compass is a mighty handy piece of equipment to have around. It's a good feeling to know you have one when entering strange territory. You can forget about getting lost and concentrate on the hunting.

Why not exercise common sense this fall when the hunting season opens? Equip yourself with a quality compass, learn how to read it, carry it with you when afield and *believe* it. It could save you hours of unpleasantness, considerable embarrassment and perhaps even your life. ●



1966-67 Hunting Season

Northwest Region

DEER & BEAR: November 19 through January 15, hunting permitted every day.

TURKEY: Fall Season, November 19 through January 15, hunting permitted every day. Spring Gobbler Season, March 25 through April 9.

QUAIL & SQUIRREL: November 19 through March 5, hunting permitted every day.

Bag Limits

	Daily Bag	Season Bag	Possession Limit
Deer, Buck Only	1	3	2
Turkey — Fall	2	3	3
Spring Gobbler	1	2	2
Squirrel, Grey	10		20
Squirrel, Fox	2		4
Quail	12		24
Bear	1	1	1
Wild Hog	1	2	2

Shooting Hours

Resident Game

From one-half hour before sunrise to one-half hour after sunset; except Spring Gobbler Season when shooting hours will be from one-half hour before sunrise until 12-noon, only.

Florida Migratory Game Bird Regulations 1966 - 1967

Waterfowl—Ducks, Geese, Coot

Seasons: Two Phase, November 24, 1966 through November 27, 1966
December 3, 1966 through January 8, 1967

Shooting Hours: From one-half hour before sunrise to sunset

Bag Limits	Daily Limit		Possession Limit
Ducks	4	(see notes below)	8
Geese	2		4
Coot	10		20

The daily bag limit on ducks, other than mergansers, may not include more of the following species than: (a) 2 wood ducks; (b) 2 canvasbacks.

The possession limit on ducks, other than mergansers, may not include more of the following species than: (a) 4 wood ducks; (b) 4 canvasbacks.

The limits on American, red-breasted, and hooded mergansers, in the aggregate of these species, are 5 daily, and 10 in possession, of which not more than 1 daily and 2 in possession may be hooded mergansers.

In the following described areas, two scaup or ringneck ducks may be taken in addition to the daily bag limit of ducks: All open waters of the Charlotte Harbor area from the Florida Power and Light power line 4 miles east of the U.S. Highway 41 bridge on the Peace River and from the El Jobean bridge (State Road 776) on the Myakka River to a line running from Boca Grande Pass east through Bokeelia to the mainland. All open waters of Lake Ponte Vedra on the Guano River Wildlife Management Area in St. Johns County, Florida. All open waters of Banana River from Banana Creek south to State Road 520. All open waters of Tampa Bay. All open waters of Sarasota Bay south to the Albee Road bridge. All open waters of the Indian River from Shiloh south to the bridge on State Road 516 at Melbourne. All open waters of Mosquito Lagoon (India River Lagoon) from Oak Hill to State Road 402. All open waters of Estero Bay. All open waters of Lemon Bay.

Leon County and Lake Miccosukee in Jefferson County: Waterfowl hunting permitted only on Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, opening day, and November 25. The use of outboard motors is prohibited on Lake Iamonia and Lake Jackson during the open seasons for waterfowl hunting.

Waterfowl Hunters must have a 1966-1967 Federal Migratory Waterfowl Hunting Stamp before hunting waterfowl. Available from the local post office at a cost of $3.00, the "duck stamp" is required of all waterfowl hunters 16 years of age and older.

Marsh Hens (Rails and Gallinules)

Shooting hours, from sunrise to sunset.
Season: September 17 to November 25.
Daily Limit 15; Possession Limit 30.

Mourning Dove

Shooting hours, 12-noon to sunset.
Seasons: October 1 to November 6.*
November 19 to December 4.
December 17 to January 2.
Daily Limit 12; Possession Limit 24.

*During the Oct. 1, to Nov. 6, season, Alligator Point, Franklin County, Northwest Region, will be closed to dove hunting.

Snipe

Shooting hours, from sunrise to sunset.
Season: November 12 to December 31.
Daily Limit 8; Possession Limit 16.

Woodcock

Shooting hours, from sunrise to sunset.
Season: November 12 to December 31; except Northwest Region which is November 19 to December 31.
Daily Limit 5; Possession Limit 10.

Regulations—Summary



Northeast Region

DEER & BEAR: November 12 through November 20 only, in Gilchrist County and that portion of Levy County between State Roads 337 and 339. November 12 through January 2 in all other counties. Hunting permitted every day.

TURKEY: No open season in Alachua, Madison and Suwannee counties, or in that portion of Columbia County south of State Road 240 and west of State Road 47. In all other counties; Fall Season from November 12 through January 2; Spring Gobbler Season, March 25 through April 9.

QUAIL & SQUIRREL: November 12 through February 26. Hunting permitted every day.

WILD HOG: In that portion of Levy County between State Roads 337 and 339, November 12 through November 20, only. Alachua County and the remaining portion of Levy County, November 12 through January 2.

Central Region

DEER & BEAR: November 12 through January 2, hunting permitted every day.

TURKEY: Fall Season, November 12 through January 2, hunting permitted every day. Spring Gobbler Season, March 11 through March 26, in that portion of the Region located south of State Road 50; March 25 through April 9, in that portion north of State Road 50.

QUAIL & SQUIRREL: November 12 through February 26, hunting permitted every day.

South Florida Region

DEER & BEAR: November 12 through November 20 in DeSoto, Hardee, Manatee and Sarasota counties. November 12 through January 2 in all other counties. Hunting permitted every day.

TURKEY: Fall Season from November 12 through January 2; hunting permitted every day. Spring Gobbler Season: March 11 through March 26, south of State Road 50; March 25 through April 9 in Hernando County, north of State Road 50.

QUAIL & SQUIRREL: November 12 through February 26. Hunting permitted every day.

SPECIAL REGULATIONS: The use of rifles is prohibited in DeSoto, Hardee, Manatee and Sarasota counties except .22 rimfire rifles may be used other than for taking of deer and bear. The use of dogs in DeSoto, Hardee, Manatee and Sarasota counties shall be limited to bird dogs, retrievers and slow trail hounds. The use of running hounds or any other dog that can reasonably be considered a dog usable for running deer is specifically prohibited.

Everglades Region

DEER & BEAR: No open season on the Florida Keys of Monroe County. November 12 through January 2, all other counties. Hunting permitted every day.

TURKEY: Fall Season, November 12 through January 22, hunting permitted every day. Spring Gobbler Season, March 11 through March 26.

QUAIL & SQUIRREL: November 12 through February 26, hunting permitted every day.

WILD HOG: Palm Beach County, November 12 through January 2.

OUR LIVING WORLD

(*Continued from page 5*)

planned in the series are: *The Life of the Seashore*—one of the most populous nature communities, with its tidal pools, mud flats, sand bars, and seaweed-covered rocks; *The Life of the Desert*—one of the most inhospitable living places in nature, hot by day, frigid by night, but inhabited by some of the most extraordinary animals and displaying some of the most beautiful flowers in nature; *The Life of the Cave*—the bizarre creatures that inhabit North American caves, how they survive and flourish in a world of total darkness; *The Life of the Marsh*—the vast wetland areas of North America, fresh and salt water marshes, swamps, and bogs; *The Life of the Pond*—the center for one of the most fascinating communities of plants and animals in nature; *The Life of the Mountains*—the world of perpetual snowfields and glaciers comparable to those of the Arctic; *The Life of the Grasslands*—the sweep of our grassland from the Rocky Mountains to the Mississippi River.

Jack McCormick, author of *The Life of the Forest,* is Curator and Chairman of the Department of Ecology and Land Management at the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia and a Resident Director of the Academy's Waterloo Mills Field Research Station at Devon, Pennsylvania. Dr. McCormick was a member of the scientific staff of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City from 1954 to 1961. Now Consultant in Ecology, he directs vegetation studies in the Museum's Kalbfleisch Field Research Station on Long Island.

Each volume in "Our Living World of Nature" series is priced at $4.95. ●

CONTROL OF NATURE

(*Continued from page 5*)

whose force he does not understand and which, therefore, he cannot control. The force is biological, the wave is the tide of human proliferation. The wave originated in the remote past, when men were few and their survival in biological competition was uncertain. It was important (to men) to have more men, to achieve a critical mass so that the species could forge ahead. Humanity reached its critical mass at least 10,000 years ago and the chain reaction set up then has long since gone out of control. The final event may be a meltdown from which man, if he emerges at all, may be recognizable only as an atavistic throwback to his former noble savagery.

What do these dour reflections have to do with an international symposium on water quality? Water quality is Number One among water problems, and it will retain this rank in the foreseeable future, largely because of the sheer numbers of men and their inability to control either nature or themselves. Most of the problems of water—quality and otherwise—are problems of people, of the number here now and of the numbers yet to come. Current projections of population growth indicate 6 billion within a few decades, or 3 billion more than at present. Does anyone actually advocate that the planet needs 3 billion more men? Or even three more? Has anyone advanced a plan that will make it worthwhile for 6 billion people to put up with each other? Imagine what the pollution load on water supplies could be with that many people around! Especially if the "advanced" countries succeed in teaching the retarded ones all of their technologically ingenious ways for adding new and weird pollutants to the environment.

At this very moment the technological societies are so busy trying to determine what they have done and are doing to their environments, that relatively little time or energy is available to learn ways to improve it.

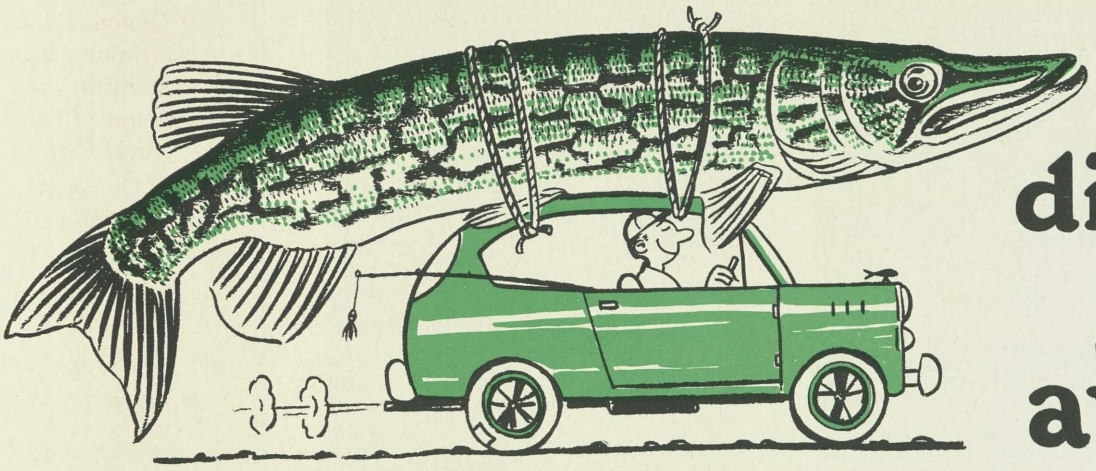
Much current discussion about conservation seems to take for granted a debt to posterity—an obligation to bequeath to the next generation the same or better quality and the same quantity of water that we have now. However, world population, water demand, and exploitation of resources are growing at exponential rates. Meantime, the supply of fresh water is not growing at all. It is shrinking. It seems to be almost a foregone conclusion that the water legacy of the United States to Century-21 will be tarnished. The time remaining in this century seems inadequate to undo the damage of the previous 300 years. This is only an opinion, and it can be neither proved nor refuted except with the passage of time.

But the opinion is based on the facts that future water problems and actions to meet them will dwarf those of our past; that we will be busy with new developments requiring many talented scientist and engineers; that there may be a serious shortage of people competent to deal with corrective problems; that knowledge of water and water processes is imperfect, so knowledge is deficient about how to correct damage that has already been done; that tremendous inertia must be overcome even to correct the things we actually know how to correct; and that it will be difficult to look at waters of the continent in the necessary broad perspective. Escape from Flatland will not be easy. ●

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Species_____ Weight_____ Length_____

Type of Tackle_____

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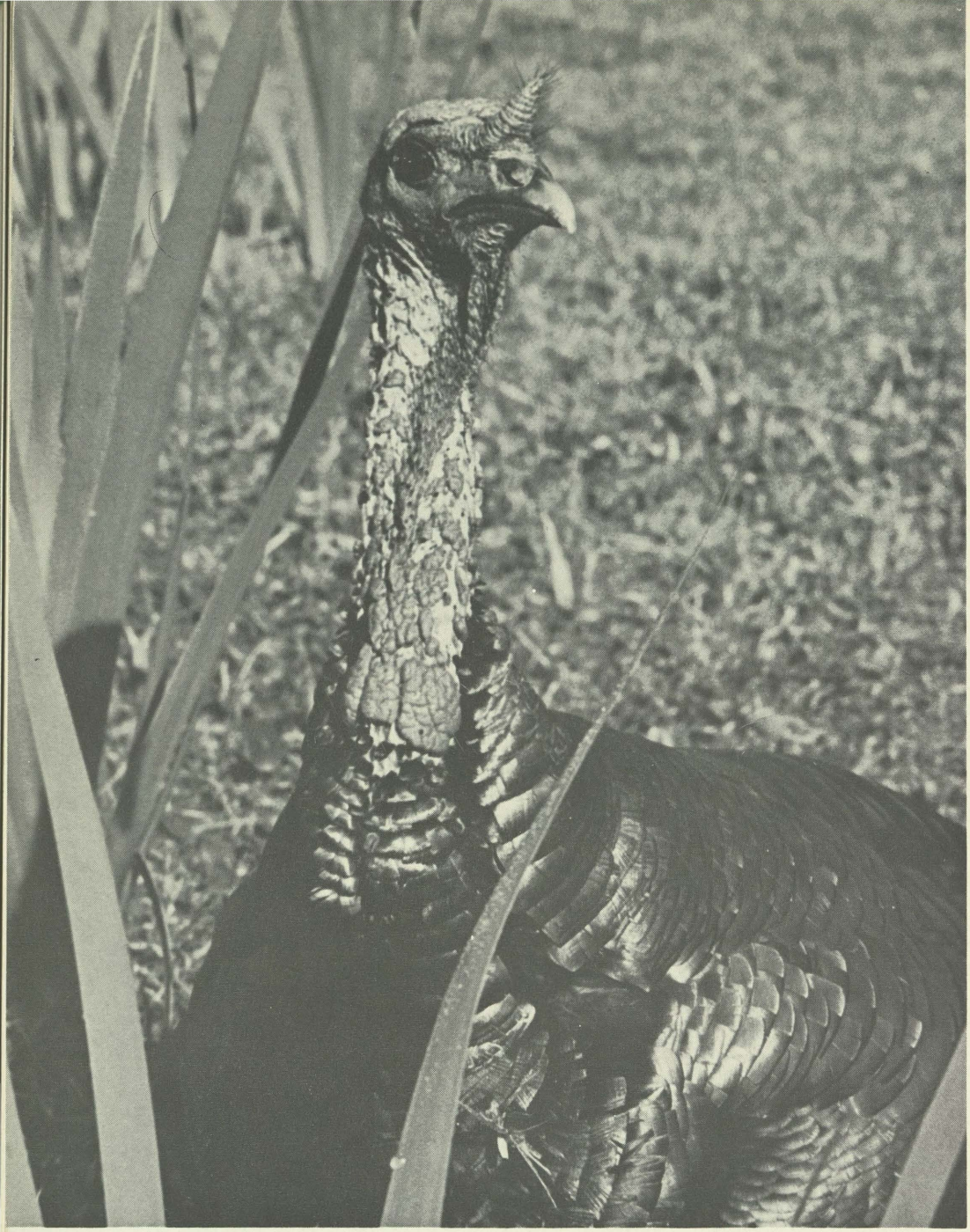
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Date Caught_____ Catch Witnessed By_____

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Signature of Applicant_____

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Florida Wild Turkey

Wildlife Portrait By Lovett Williams

FLORIDA WILDLIFE Magazine
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